

School crisis

How political foes unite to block cuts

by Bill Snyder

Politics, it's said, makes strange bedfellows. And Gov. Jerry Brown's proposal to cut the budget of the San Francisco Unified School District by about \$23 million has united some bitter enemies, at least temporarily.

Assemblyman Willie Brown of San Francisco set the tone for the upcoming battle at a teacher's rally in San Francisco last week when he said, "We are fully prepared to confront the yokels from Orange County... we need to talk about removing his highness from office if he doesn't give you the opportunity to let Johnnie read and Josie write."

Those "yokels" are the Southern California legislators who are lining up behind the governor's first post-Proposition 13 budget.

The school budget cuts united local groups against Brown:

* The city school system's administration, headed by Superintendent Robert Alioto; and the teacher's union, led by James Ballard.

* Democratic Assemblymen Willie Brown and Leo McCarthy, and Republican State Senator Milton Marks, overcoming partisan loyalties to support Senate Bill 234.

* Two rival teacher's organizations, the American Federation of Teachers

(AFT) and the California Teachers Association (CTA), both of which have hinted at job actions.

The threatened budget cuts could, according to Alioto, place most of the district's programs in jeopardy. An Alioto aide said the district may have to fire more than 500 teachers, reduce services at the children's centers by 25 percent and make other "severe cuts" if the money is not restored.

Alioto and James Ballard, president of the San Francisco chapter of the AFT, appeared together at a press conference on Jan. 30 to protest the Brown budget and to announce a seven-point program of joint action to head off the potentially crippling loss of funds.

"I am delighted that Alioto is now developing a fight-back posture," said Ballard. "If the Brown budget passes, San Francisco will begin to dismantle its public school system."

"At this point we are basically with the superintendent, though we do have some differences with him."

A key part of that program is support for SB 234, sponsored by State Senator Ralph Dills (D-Gardenia). The Dills bill, as it is called, would make permanent the \$2.2 billion school bail-out fund created in the wake of Proposition 13.

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Photo by Mark Richards

Willie Brown urges teachers to fight budget cuts.

PHOENIX

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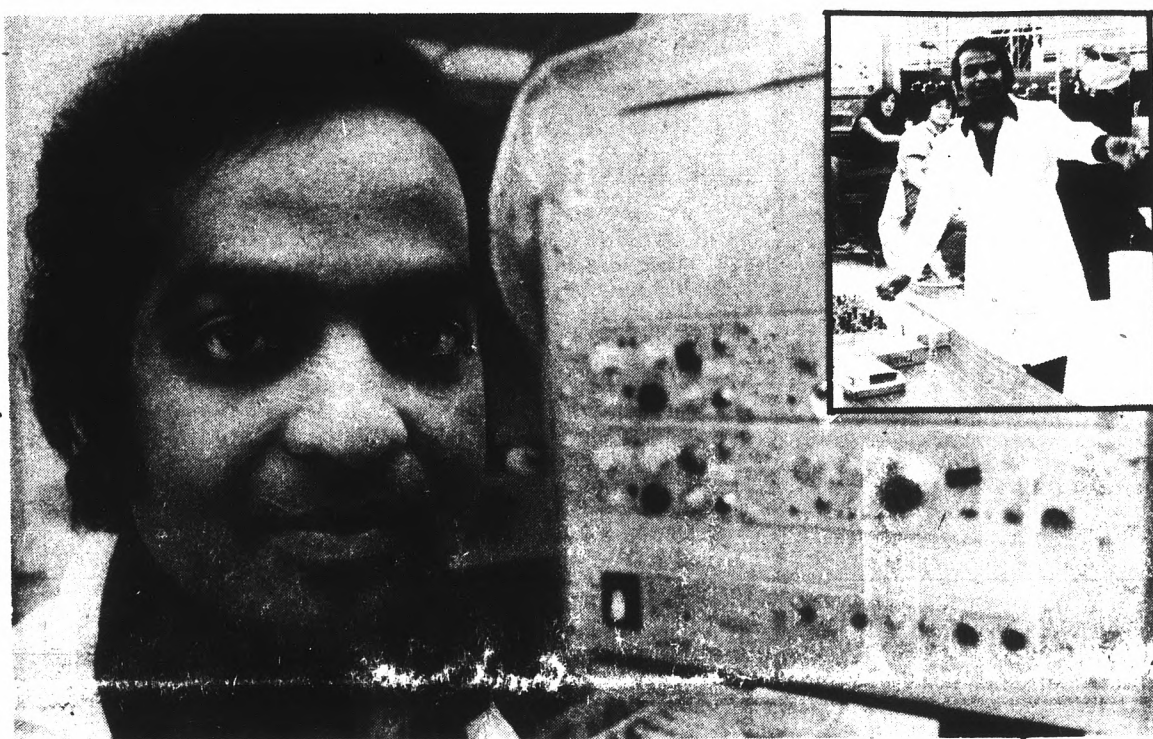


Photo by Mark Richards

Heart transplant survivor Ramesh Chand has found a life-long friend in this EKG machine. Inset: Chand in his SF State Human Biology class.

And the beat goes on

by T.L. Vau Dell

Brought back from the edge of death by perhaps the most remarkable bit of surgical virtuosity — a heart transplant — SF State instructor Ramesh Chand continues to mystify

the medical world.

It was nearly five years ago that the slender native of Fiji agreed to the experimental operation. But Chand's recovery can not be measured solely in terms of years. He is also the first transplant patient whose body did not re-

ject its new heart.

Today, he balances a workload that would tire even the healthiest person. Besides teaching 15 physiology lab classes a week, the 34-year-old, part-time instructor in his second year at SF State, is researching unexplained aspects of heart transplantation while pursuing his doctorate in human physiology.

In fact, his scholarly knowledge of heart disease probably saved his life.

As a graduate student majoring in cardiology at UC Davis in 1974, he refused to accept one doctor's diagnosis for the "mild chest pains" he was experiencing. Instead Chand requested that an electrocardiogram (EKG) be taken. The test yielded some startling results: the once-healthy 28-year-old had suddenly and unexpectedly contracted arterial sclerosis, or hardening of the arteries. The disease, usually found only in much older persons, was so advanced doctors gave Chand less than three months to live.

Following a violent fit of coughing and vomiting one night, he was rushed from the UC Davis health center to a nearby Sacramento hospital. When he

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Another '60s obit: alternative college

by Yvette DeAndreis

ZEN BASKETBALL

The purpose of this class is to teach the student the difference between what he believes and what he says he believes in a situation where the dynamics are too varied and too rapid to allow him to act in any way other than spontaneously.

No previous basketball experience is required.

Rubber-soled shoes are essential.

—Course description
1967 SF State Experimental College

Psychic rubber soles were also essential for the Experimental College (EC) forwards. They had to be able to leap educational walls in a single bound, otherwise courses like "Zen Basketball" would never have made it off the bench.

Today's students are playing in a different league, with a job market so tight that anything "Zen" is out of bounds. Like a peace sign or a day-glo daisy decal, the college was a distinct symbol of the sixties.

The SF State Experimental College

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Administrators face an office reshuffling

by Betsy Lewis
Administrative Affairs Writer

A proposed \$275,000 reshuffling of administrative office space has at least two key SF State administrators threatening to protest to President Paul Romberg.

The administrators won't publicly acknowledge their dissent because the remodeling proposal must still go through channels. A special five-member subcommittee of the president's cabinet meets this week to draft a plan for Romberg's eventual approval.

Discontent over the space re-allocation stems from a first-draft proposal originating from the office of Konnilyn Feig, vice president for administration.

Under Feig's plan, the offices of 17 administrative programs and departments will be relocated to accommodate a move by counseling and placement services to the top floor of the Old Administration Building.

Placement services are now on the fourth floor of the Library; counseling facilities are in Modulux 17 on the west edge of campus. Planners believe those changes will make the services more accessible to students.

The eventual acquisition of a \$2.5 million computer system to be installed on the ground floor of the Old Administration Building, will also eliminate offices.

"We're trying to make the necessary changes as simple as possible," said Orrin Deland, director of facilities

planning and a subcommittee member.

"Taking care of everyone's needs and still cutting down on costs takes considerable ingenuity," he said.

"Taking care of everyone's needs and still cutting down on costs takes considerable ingenuity," he said.

The rough plan includes:

* Moving Graduate Division offices from their present location on the second floor of the New Administration Building to the fourth floor, for a

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Grad deadline

Students wishing to graduate this May must file applications by next Friday, Feb. 16, or suffer a \$2 late fee, get their diplomas late by mail and not be included in the commencement program.

Undergraduate applications should be sent to the Student Ser-

vices Office in New Administration Building room 253. Graduate students should send their applications to the Graduate Division office, New Administration 254.

Late applications may be filed through March 9.

Dormies: food 'poor'

by Coleen Crampton

Dorm residents are upset with the food served in the dorm dining center, according to a recent *Phoenix* survey.

Ninety-nine percent of the residents who returned their questionnaires rated the food service as "poor." Fifty-three percent said they would prefer to live in the dorms and not buy scrip, the ticket system used to pay for the food.

Surveys were distributed to almost all of the 1,500 dorm residents. At Monday's deadline, 139 residents, or 9 percent, returned questionnaires. As requested, the surveys were unsigned.

Although cooking in dorm rooms violates housing rules, 66 percent said they did.

The survey indicated residents live in the dorms because they find it convenient and inexpensive, although half said they found dorm security to be poor.

Respondents said the dorm rules they break most often are bans on drinking alcohol in the hallways, smoking mari-

juana and cooking in their rooms.

Don Finlayson, director of housing and food services, said he was not upset or surprised at the survey results.

"Students have been coming to me with their complaints for a long time," he said. "What we need to do is evaluate each complaint or suggestion. I would like to see a better survey, using more statistics and getting everyone's response."

Finlayson said the 9 percent turnout was caused because "residents who feel most strongly about the problems in the dining center are the ones to return surveys."

More than half the residents who responded felt their rights were infringed upon because they had to eat in the dining center.

"I've lost my right to eat wholesome and nutritious food," said an 18-year-old male resident of Verducci Hall. Sixty-eight percent who filled in the "other comments"

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Seminar: How to lobby your local legislator

by Robert Bruce

Lobbying is what oil and insurance companies, large corporations and other powerful groups have practiced for a long time.

These organizations influence government policies by donating to political campaigns and befriending lawmakers at banquets and luncheons.

Payola to legislators has diminished through recent lobbying laws, at least on the surface, but diligent efforts by professional lobbyists continue.

Government agencies use "legislative liaisons" — experts who carry considerable weight with legislators.

A recent innovation is "cause lobbying," advocacy by representatives of specialized groups in areas such as mental health, consumer problems and senior citizens' rights.

One such organization is the Friends Committee on Legislation (FCL), established in 1952 as the lobbying branch of the American Society of Friends, or Quakers.

At an FCL-sponsored seminar in Berkeley Saturday, titled "How to be Heard in Sacramento — How to Pressure State Legislators," FCL lobbyists Ruth Flower and Joe Gunterman outlined lobbying methods and discussed legislation relevant to FCL.

Flower said the FCL is backing extension of abortion legislation. "At this point in our human development we don't really know when life begins," she said, "so the decision on when to have an abortion is really a personal, religious decision."

The FCL fought vigorously for an ill-fated measure that would have required landlords to reduce rents by 80 percent of their Proposition 13 savings.

Despite Richard Nixon's own Quaker affiliation, the FCL and the FCNL (Friends Committee on National Legislation) have consistently opposed increased military spending.

Most lobbying is a group effort, and the FCL publishes numerous brochures outlining methods groups should use to effectively present their case to legislators.

The FCL offers these additional pointers:

Basically, you or your group must have a concise grasp of information relevant to issues you wish to influence, and you must present the information clearly.

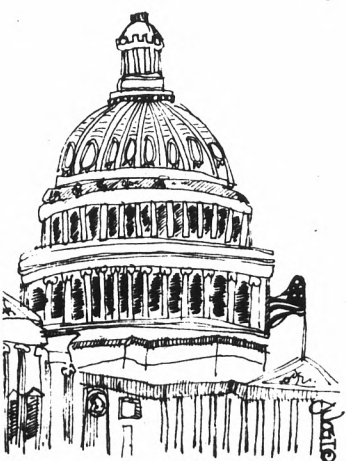
Whether you appear before legislative committees or visit lawmakers in their offices, be brief. Appoint a spokesperson to represent your views or lead the conversation.

If you wish to lobby on your own, the most common approach is a thoughtful letter to a legislator, although many people regard this approach as futile.

Personal contacts are the most effective; they're worth the time and effort it takes to arrange them.

The Student Body Presidents Association has a full-time lobbyist in Sacramento to represent the views of students. He may be contacted through the Associated Students office.

For further information on lobbying, contact the Friends Committee on Legislation of California, 2160 Lake St., San Francisco 94121, or phone 752-7887.



Muni critics' cry: 'No fare hike!'

by Chris Donnelly

A group of San Franciscans, fearing Muni's 25-cent fare will become the sacrificial lamb for a slashed Muni budget, held their first in a series of planned meetings last week.

The Muni Coalition made clear at the Jan. 31 meeting that it seeks to organize public resistance to fare increases, one Muni proposal to boost a sagging post-Proposition 13 budget. Coalition members say they assume Muni will favor fare increases over reduced service, Muni's other budget-cutting proposal.

Mayor Dianne Feinstein has ordered all city agencies to prepare reduced budgets for the coming fiscal year. Muni officials have drawn up a tentative "base budget" request of \$78 million, a 15 percent drop from the current \$91 million.

"The city apparently expects the riders to shoulder the burden of a service benefitting riders and non-riders alike," said Jeff Sutter of the coalition's Steering Committee. Sutter said non-riders benefit when buses absorb potential car traffic and thus contribute less pollution.

Any fare hike, Sutter said, "is a vastly inequitable tax on working people."

One coalition member said she expects any fare hike to occur "at the 11th hour," referring to July, when the fiscal year begins. But several members said they expect the issue to come to a head by April.

'Any fare hike is a vastly inequitable tax on working people.'

Feinstein "hasn't made a firm commitment" on fare hikes, said Josh Getlin, her press aide. "She wants the Public Utilities Commission to take a long hard look at both sides of the issue."

Last June, however, then-supervisor Feinstein voiced a clear opinion on fare hikes. In the immediate wake of Proposition 13, Mayor George Moscone and the Board of Supervisors agreed on an emergency fare hike. The board soon rescinded the hike with one dissenting vote — Feinstein's.

Under Muni's base budget proposal, fare hikes

would not be needed if 24 of the 53 diesel bus lines were eliminated. Muni officials claim their present \$91 million budget would have to rise to \$105 million to maintain present services, due to inflation.

Without a fare hike, the system would need \$53 million in property tax funds, Muni officials said, adding that it is an unrealistic figure due to Proposition 13 limitations. The fare-increase budget proposal provides for \$35 million in property taxes, about \$4 million less than the present budget uses.

Historically, fare hikes have cut ridership. In 1952 fares were raised from 10 cents to 15 cents; ridership for the year dropped 17 million, a 10 percent decrease.

If fares are raised or service is cut, parking problems at SF State could worsen. Sutter suggested the school could contract extra service from Muni to attract more riders or subsidize students' fast passes.

According to Muni studies: fifty-seven percent of San Franciscans who work downtown travel by Muni. Nearly 40 percent of city households have no car, and are highly dependent on Muni. Thirty-five percent of all city residents ride Muni regularly during the work week.



Photo by Alan Stein

"The city apparently expects riders to shoulder the burden" of Proposition 13 cutbacks, says a Muni Coalition member. Muni says a fare hike or reduced service is inevitable.

Bay Area women find it fast this week

by Robert Bruce

Perhaps you are looking for a women's book store, a feminist credit union, a lesbian graphics outfit, or a feminist realtor.

Find it fast, in the "Women's Yellow Pages." The fourth edition of the San Francisco and East Bay directory is scheduled for release early in March.

Conceived in the winter of 1975 by a women's collective in Berkeley, the directory standardizes such terms as "wominsurance," amazon gardening and woodswomen.

More practical listings make up the

bulk of the directory. Included are resources for rape counseling, legal assistance, employment counseling, assertiveness training and sexuality counseling.

Compiled for the women's community and to publicize women's businesses, the "Yellow Pages" originally accepted listings and ads only from women-sponsored projects. It included other resources in its third edition to better serve readers.

"We turn down a couple of ads every issue because we find them oppressive politically," said Laura Tow, a

production staff member since the directory's beginnings. "We've decided not to run ads for stockbrokers or that kind of investment counseling."

Advertisers find the directory useful for a number of reasons.

"We felt this directory was one that reached a segment of the Berkeley population that had specialized problems in eye care," said Dr. John Heyman, a Berkeley optometrist. "We take a lot of referrals from the Berkeley Women's Health Collective. Pregnant women who wear contact lenses have changes in their vision as a result of their pregnancy."

"Another thing in their listings I really liked," Heyman said, "was whether or not there was wheelchair access to the building. We found that a really significant feature of this listing that you don't find with other listings."

The directory is sold for 50 cents at Old Wives' Tales Bookstore in San Francisco, Cheese Coffee Center in Berkeley and A Woman's Place Bookstore in Oakland. The campus Bookstore will carry the latest edition.

For more details, call 648-5069 or 653-2139.



Photo by Scott Ludwig

Fund swap pays druggist

by Liz Dahl

A \$2 increase in the student service fee is being used to pay for a licensed pharmacist in the Student Health Center this semester.

The total fee paid by a student remained \$106, the same as last semester, due to a \$2 decrease in the instructionally related fee.

SF State was one of the few campuses to employ a pharmacist before California State University and Colleges Chancellor Glen Dumke approved funding for pharmacists for the 19-campus system last fall.

SF State students previously paid a 50-cent service charge for each drug

prescription filled at the Health Center, which paid pharmacist James Wong's salary. The service charge didn't pay for the drugs.

Under the new policy, health centers are authorized to charge a prescription fee ranging from 50 cents to \$3, and the fee can be used only to pay drug costs, not the pharmacist's salary.

SF State students pay 50 cents for each prescription written for a basic-service illness.

"We chose to charge the minimum allowed. This makes us feel we are offering better care for the students," said Dr. Rouben Akka.

Akka, the assistant medical

director at the center, said student service fees cover basic services at the Health Center. Basic services cover treatment for acute or semi-acute illnesses such as infections rather than chronic illnesses such as allergies or acne.

Augmented services, such as those offered by the birth control clinic, are available to students, but they must pay up to \$3 for the services and the prescribed drugs.

Before the new policy went into effect last semester, few augmented-service drugs were available at the Health Center. Students had to take drug prescriptions to off-campus pharmacies and pay full price for a drug.

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B-	2.7	D-	0.7
C+	2.3		

Plus/minus OK'd for '79

by Michael Reed

This semester, for the first time, SF State students will receive pluses and minuses on their report cards.

The plus/minus grading system cost California taxpayers \$46,000. It was delayed two years due to lack of funding and time needed to reprogram campus computers.

Only one other school in the 19-campus California State University and Colleges (CSUC) system, Chico State, uses the controversial program.

In grade point average calculations now, an A translates to 4.0, an A- is 3.7, a B+ is 3.3, and so on.

The plus/minus system is one way to combat "grade inflation," said Julian Randolph, Academic Senate chairman.

"It makes better sense to indicate as precisely as possible where a student stands on the grading scale," Randolph said. He added that the new system could cause more disagreements between students and teachers over grades.

"By increasing the indicators teachers have at their option, more students who have borderline

grades will be requesting individual evaluations, conferences and possible grade changes," he said.

When the plus/minus system started at Chico State in 1977 there was no substantial change in the number of A's and B's recorded. But Charles Stone, director of admissions and records at SF State, anticipates more grade changes than before.

"Either more personnel or hours will be needed now in order to keep up (with grade changes)," he said. Six employees post and record grades in the records department.

In 1975 the CSUC Chancellor's Office gave all 19 campuses the choice to adopt a plus/minus system. SF State's Academic Policy Committee surveyed 483 faculty members; 312 voted to adopt the new system.

SF State President Paul Romberg approved an Academic Senate resolution favoring plus/minus grading "in principle" in January 1977.

A spokesman at the Chancellor's Office said no other CSUC campus administrations showed interest in the plus/minus system.

Airlines' ads catching flak

by Mike Yamamoto

After the deregulation of air fares by the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB), many bargain fares were offered to consumers that weren't really bargains at all.

Airlines subjected consumers to advertising that "failed to disclose the many restrictions that accompany the discounted tickets," said Elizabeth Stubler, director of New West World-wide Travel Services.

She said the barrage of ads for super-saver bargains flooding the media can only be used by people with extremely flexible schedules because the fares are offered at limited times.

Stubler referred to a television commercial in which Pan American World Airways featured a \$99 round-trip ticket from New York to Los Angeles. The ad did not clarify one important detail: the ticket could only be booked at two offices in the entire country.

Irate customers complained to the Better Business Bureau and the New York state attorney general, claiming the airline was guilty of false advertising.

But despite the restriction, the discount fares were available to the public and the commercial was determined

to be legitimate.

"It was about as falsely advertised as an automobile dealer who advertises cars with \$200 discounts when he only has three of them to sell," said William Marsh, publicity manager for Pan Am.

"We wanted to let people know that Pan Am is now flying domestic routes for the first time in history," he said.

Marsh said his airline will shift its attention from tourists to business travelers.

"From now on, we will be a strictly nuts-and-bolts airline, moving people from one place to another. It's a damn, bloody scramble for survival," he said.

Complaints also rose over an Eastern Airlines advertisement that offered a \$49 flight from San Francisco to Miami called the "Forty-niner Special."

The number 49 referred to more than just the price.

The special fares were sold only to the first 49 people who bought their tickets within 49 days of the first advertisement.

The ad ran for seven weeks, although most of the tickets were sold in the first 10 days.

An agent from Stonestown Travel Services said both the Pan Am and Eastern bargain flights were offered

only on a "stand-by" basis, meaning that no reservations were accepted, and the tickets were sold only to those who stood in line to buy them.

The agent estimated the number of requests she received for the Pan Am flight to be "at least 100."

"Out of all those people, I know of only one who actually got a ticket. He waited for two days and two nights straight, and paid two people to stand in line for him," she said.

Other super-saver restrictions include limited seating, advance reservations, and a required minimum time spent on a trip.

Thomas Glendahl, sales director for Routes International and Domestic Travel, said he has heard of other travel agents buying bargain tickets under fictitious names, knowing they could sell them at a later date.

"But this is not a common practice," he said.

Despite competitive discounts, airlines' profits have skyrocketed.

Mardy Leaver, spokesman for United Airlines, said his company's earnings for 1978 reached an "all-time high of \$302 million." He attributed last year's success to a huge increase in ticket sales due to post-deregulation discounts.

But airline industry statistics

showed the percentage of discount fares purchased in 1978 was up only two points from 1977, rising from 26 percent to 28 percent of all ticket sales.

Stubler said major airlines made up the difference for super-saver fares by raising the prices of regular tickets.

"Overall, it is more expensive to fly this year than it was last year," she said of all air fares, discounted or not. The respectability of the airline business has dropped to "lower than the used car lot's" because of the new competitiveness, she said.

Stiff competition between the 32 domestic carriers and the 133 international lines is causing prices to fluctuate on a daily basis.

"If we find out that TWA has changed its prices on Monday morning, you can be sure we'll do the same by that afternoon," said Leaver.

Airlines also legally advertise their prices before having them approved by the CAB, which may reject the fares at any time.

The airlines are now urging the CAB to approve a net fares system of ticket sales. This would allow the airlines to wholesale the fares to travel agents, who would in turn sell them at retail prices.

City College courses hacked

by John Tuvo

City College of San Francisco (CCSF) students will find their fall 1979 catalog thinner than last year's.

The reason isn't a paper shortage, but a 10 percent to 20 percent budget cut for the college. Many departments will be decimated by the cuts; between five and seven will be eliminated.

"If we receive many more cuts like this one, City College will be just like a big high school," said CCSF President Kenneth Washington.

The administration is making its plans with two budgets in mind, one at 80 percent of last year's, the other at 90 percent. This means a cut from \$3 million to \$5 million. Last year's budget was \$30 million. Washington said this will be City College's first

budget cut.

Programs to be eliminated under both proposed budgets will be journalism, legal assisting, Russian, Filipino and Swahili. German and labor studies will also be dropped only if the 80 percent budget goes through, as will all humanities sections and English electives.

Other departments will be severely cut back. Sociology will be reduced from 41 classes to 14, and history will fall from 76 to 56 classes.

Whether City College gets 80 percent or 90 percent of its budget from last year depends on how much money the state will give the city from the state surplus.

There is concern that minority students — half of City College's 24,000 students — would suffer most from the budget cut.

"Basic skills are important on a campus like City College, where there are a lot of students learning English as a second language," said Dean of Students Rosa Perez.

Garrity left on his own

Last week *Phoenix* incorrectly reported that former Provost Donald Garrity resigned at SF State President Paul Romberg's request. Garrity left to assume the presidency of Central Washington University.

English as a second language classes will be cut at least 10 percent as will English 5A, a basic course.

Washington and City College deans decided where to make the cuts. The criteria used were enrollment needs of San Francisco students, availability of classes elsewhere and program uniqueness.

In the same story, *Phoenix* identified Richard Trapp as co-chairman of the provost search committee. Trapp is chairman of the dean of humanities search committee.

Phoenix regrets the errors.

URBAN STUDIES PROGRAM still has PAYING INTERSHIPS for Spring '79. Placements include Planning Consultants, Real Estate firms, City & Federal Agencies, Public Interest organizations. For further info, contact Debbie LeVeon, HLL 385, x 2055, IMMEDIATELY.

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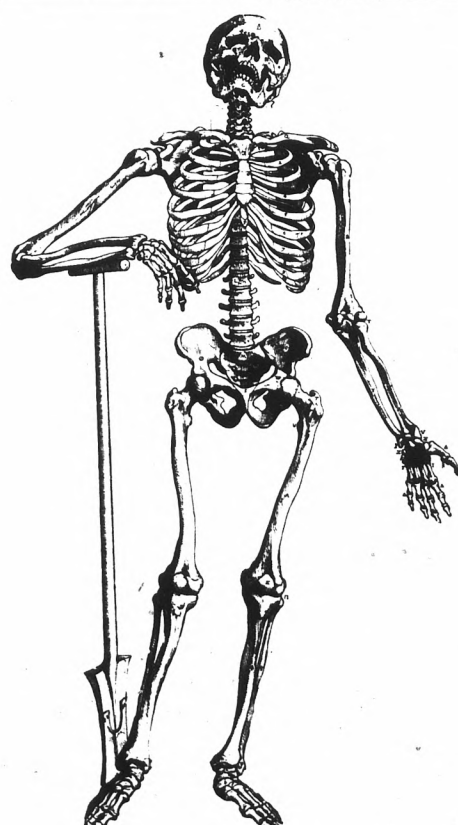
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A pot case that may grow roots

by Eva Czubak

When Harry Clewans' neighbor neglected to pay a traffic ticket he had no idea it would trigger a series of events that could drastically change California's pot laws, enabling people to cultivate marijuana in their homes.

It all began when San Mateo County Sheriff's officers went to a Redwood City home last June to service a traffic warrant to Clewans' neighbor, who had failed to pay his fines.

Following the usual procedure, one officer went to the back of the duplex in case the suspect decided to flee.

The officer noticed four marijuana plants thriving on Clewans' side of the yard.

The officers arrested Clewans for cultivation of marijuana, a felony offense in California carrying a possible three-year prison sentence.

Clewans was referred to attorney Mark Soler by a colleague who knew Soler defended many pot cases.

Soler, who teaches Mass Communications Law here, claimed in Redwood City Municipal Court this week that the possible three-year sentence for growing pot in private homes "is cruel and unusual punishment."

Soler also argued that "it is unreasonable to prohibit pot while alcohol is legal." Furthermore, he challenged the California statute labeling pot as a narcotic.

District Attorney Chuck Smith



Mark Soler

did not call any expert witnesses. Soler called five of them.

"So far, the experts have shown marijuana is not a dangerous drug," Soler said. They have shown this through their own research and government studies, he said.

There is no danger to public health or safety when marijuana is used in the privacy of your own home, he said.

If Redwood City Municipal Judge Thomas Caldwell rules in favor of Clewans, "it will be appealed immediately by the district attorney," said Soler. But if the decision is upheld he is prepared to go to the Supreme Court.

It could take from six months to two years before the final decision is made, Soler said.

from page one

•heart

arrived, he was unconscious, not breathing and as one colleague later told him, "clinically dead."

Had it not been for the alert action of one hospital attendant who lowered Chand's blood pressure, his death would have been a certainty.

At that time the subject of heart transplantation was never raised, said Chand. "I guess I thought that somehow my diseased heart could be repaired. I was grasping at a miracle."

He was transferred to the better-equipped Stanford Medical Center in Palo Alto, where one member of a four-man heart surgeon team recommended the controversial operation. No, Chand said, he would not become Stanford's 74th transplant.

His mind remained unchanged despite talks with his relatives and other transplant patients. Finally, one of the doctors offered him the option of "going home to die" or risking the uncertainties of the operation.

"At that moment," Chand recalls, "I knew I wanted to live."

But the surgery could not take place without a donor heart and so began a real test of nerves for the young man. His rapidly deteriorating heart pumped just a bit harder everytime the phone rang. "I would jump, thinking it was Stanford and they had located a donor."

The wait lasted three days.

Chand was fortunate though. Some patients die before a replacement heart is found, said Lois Christopherson. She was one of several hospital officials who screened Chand for the federally financed transplantation program. (The \$40,000 operation costs were paid by a grant from the National Institute of Health. Chand incurred an additional bill of about \$11,000 for his six-week hospital stay.)

Christopherson refused to give Phoenix information about Chand's donor, saying that in most cases the patients themselves don't know whose heart is pumping their life's blood.

Chand said he waited two years after the operation to confront members of the surgical team about the donor's identity. "They said 'I don't know if you can handle this,' and then they told me what I wanted to know."

"I'm able to deal with that knowledge," said Chand. He has not divulged the donor's name, age or sex, because

of the effect it could have on the donor's parents. "How would they react if they knew I was carrying around their son or daughter's heart?"

Solemnly, Chand added, "Sometimes I find such joy in being given the privilege to go on living. But at other times I'm filled with such sadness that someone else had to die... I still can't seem to work that out in my head."

Chand had vivid recollections of the "apprehension and fear" he experienced the night before surgery. Shaved head to foot and feeling almost sterile from the numerous baths he received that warm July evening, he read literature about heart transplantation when he couldn't sleep.

He was somewhat comforted to learn the man who would head the surgical team, Dr. Norman Shumway, pioneered the technique used in the first such operation in 1967.

Although the first dozen transplants ultimately failed, the operation had since been performed about 100 times with varying degrees of success.

Dr. Shumway's procedure calls for stitching the upper portion of the diseased heart onto the lower portion of the donor's organ. A heart-lung machine circulates blood during the course of the three to four hour operation.

Christopherson acknowledged that "it's really not that complicated a procedure." The crucial phase is afterwards, when the body's immunity system attacks the alien heart. Until Chand's operation, every transplant patient suffered such a "rejection." Some died within a matter of hours, weeks or months.

Chand waited for the usual rejection symptoms of high fever, shortness of breath and stiffness in arms and legs in Stanford's Intensive Care Unit. Although at first he had no movement in his legs, his new heart continued beating flawlessly.

Daily monitoring of his heart could produce no signs of deterioration. But as a precaution, Chand was moved out of intensive care in a few weeks and kept in a hospital ward for observation.

Still, the new heart worked perfectly.

The reason, Chand believes, may be traced to a rare protein or enzyme in his blood. Supporting this theory is the fact that an 18-year-old boy's new heart continued to fail until he received one pint of Chand's blood.

The transfusion was particularly dangerous to Chand because the drugs he takes twice a day to lower his body's immunization process increase the chance of heart disease due to infection.

Today that threat is so great, Chand informs his students of his operation and asks them not to attend class when they're ill.

"Even a cold or flu could kill me," he says.

Yet, despite his low resistance to disease, he has not had any serious illnesses since the transplant.

"Oh, I get the sniffles," Chand says as he walks with measured steps from the Biology Building to the Old Science Building to retrieve some laboratory equipment.

On the return trip, the heavy equipment is rolled into an elevator and up to his seventh-floor laboratory classroom in the Biology Building. Effortlessly, Chand lifts the machinery onto a desk top.

Behind him is a row of gleaming EKG machines. In fact, this classroom lab offers him a fortress against disease. Here Chand can analyze his blood and monitor his heartbeat.

He continues to learn more about the effects of transplant surgery as a volunteer researcher in Stanford's Cardiology Unit. His findings will be included in a lab manual he is writing on heart transplantation.

Many questions still remain. Why, for instance, does an older man with the heart of a young accident victim recover, while a vigorous boy dies shortly after the operation? And what causes wildly different reactions in transplant patients who take immunization medicine?

At 115 pounds, Chand is well below his normal weight. Yet he has a voracious appetite which he says keeps him from sleeping more than one or two hours a night. To satisfy "24-hour" hunger pangs, he carries around a sack full of oranges grown in his backyard orchard in San Carlos.

Like other transplants, the soft-spoken instructor follows a regimen of mostly fruits and vegetables and occasionally some lean meat to avoid clogging his arteries. Salt and sugar are expressly forbidden.

But he dismisses these restrictions as "pesky" and says he actually feels better now than he did when he was younger. "I'm leading a normal life," says Chand. He jogs regularly and en-

joys swimming and extended walks. His social life isn't doing badly either.

Smiling broadly, he confides that his sexual appetite has improved. "I may be oversexed now."

Although he avoids making long-term plans, Chand says he will marry and have children someday. "No transplant (patient) has ever done that and I want to be the first. I want to break a lot of records."

For now, though, he's "taking each day at a time," an aphorism that somehow sounds less trite coming from Ramesh Chand.

He doesn't hesitate to admit his "new lease on life" also has afforded him a new outlook.

"I've discovered the simple joys of just being alive," he says. "I think too often we take this as a right. It's a privilege, and I thank God for granting me this privilege."

NOW needs members

The National Organization for Women (NOW) Campus Task Force, with about 15 active members, is suffering from underexposure.

Only nine students and English Professor Bernice Biggs attended the group's first meeting of the semester Tuesday in the Student Union.

Ironically, campus feminists disbanded the Women's Action Coalition in the fall of 1977 as fewer women showed up at their meetings. The following semester they decided to join NOW, primarily as a name attraction to draw more women.

It was slow at first, but the task force latched onto the child care issue and women began to join. About 30 women attended each meeting. The mailing list swelled to 200 names and volunteers came out of the woodwork.

The group sponsored a successful child care rally in October with NOW support. Things were looking good.

Then the bottom fell out of campus feminism. The recent revival of child care at SF State — the Lilliput Child-care Center reopens March 7 — brought a swift end to the group's immediate usefulness. Seemingly contented with the outcome, most child care supporters withdrew from playing an active role in campus politics.

Spring term may be late

School will begin a week later next spring if SF State President Paul Romberg approves a calendar revision passed by the Academic Senate last week.

For the past three years, the first week of spring instruction has overlapped with the last week of fall semester at several local community col-

leges.

The revised 90-day semester is one day shorter than originally scheduled.

James Billwiller, dean of instruction at City College of San Francisco (CCSF), said he heard "mild rumbles" from students about the overlap. This year, CCSF finals ended Jan. 26. Classes at SF State began Jan. 24.

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opinion

David Hern

Toying around with emotions

At the beginning of each new semester, emotions and self-doubts tend to run high. This is understandable, since academic pressure seems to loom largest at this time. So as a public service, I humbly offer a brief existential evaluation of the most prevalent emotions as a possible aid to better universal understanding. Please take them with a grain of salt ... and a placebo tablet.

FEAR

What is fear? Is it an intangible, clinging force that keeps men from achieving their full self-actualization? Is it a barrier that is merely a myth used primarily as a scapegoat for human inadequacy? Or is it a quick-stop diner off Interstate 280?

Some men don't know the meaning of the word "fear." But then again, they were never very articulate to begin with, and they also don't know the meaning of the word "fun." You should see what they do on a Saturday night. It's always "Casablanca" and McDonald's. Same old thing every damn time.

Fear is relative. Believe me, I should know. I get scared to death whenever my relatives come over for the holidays. Franklin Roosevelt said, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself." Of course, he was never alone in Harlem on Stokely Carmichael's birthday. Theoretically, though, he was right. Fear is merely an abstraction. In everyday life there is really nothing to be afraid of. Except, of course, the possibility of having an anvil dropped on you from a 10th-story window.

Kevin Bell

Clapping without applause

One morning I awoke from uneasy dreams and discovered my penis was a tube of liquid fire. I stepped back from the toilet. AAARRGGGGHHH, the pain.

It's been a week and it still burns like hell. I better get to a doctor quick, sez I, or I'm going to wind up like Al Capone.

First things first, however. I have to tell my girlfriend. I do it very diplomatically that night at dinner.

"This chicken is really great."

"Thanks."

"The skin's nice and crispy."

"Yeah, it came out real nice."

"I probably have gonorrhea."

"What?"

"These potatoes are just wonderful."

"KEVIN!"

I quickly explain the situation, and we laugh about our sexual conquests during the three months we hadn't seen each other. She assures me, however, that I'm probably jumping to conclusions since lately she's been suffering from a minor yeast infection. I had never heard of a vaginal yeast infection. She explains it's a mild woman's disorder.

Letters

'Yes' on home econ, 'no' on advising

The defender

Editor:

"What are you going to do with a major like that? Are you learning how to polish floors, cook dinner, and be a good wife and mother?" Or, "Oh, I get it, you wanted to get through college easily."

These are just a few of the insulting comments made by people who discover my major at SF State is home economics. It is unfortunate that these ill-mannered people are unaware of the work involved and the areas covered in home economics. Home economists can do a lot more than "cook and sew." Therefore, I find it my duty to try to change the stereotype given to the Home Economics Department by educating those unfamiliar with this field.

There are many areas of emphasis in home economics, but one of the newest and fastest-growing is consumer economics education. This field involves educating the consumer about his rights, what he can do to protect

Next morning I go to the campus health center and appear before four plump angels of mercy at the appointments desk. I give them my I.D. card with the little yellow sticker in the corner which denotes that I'm a veteran of the center. In fact I'd been there twice before, ostensibly to get some wonder drugs to head off a chest cold, but really to get back some of my student fees money. That, as far as I've been able to determine, goes to furnish loudspeakers to members of the Young Spartacus League so they can call me a fascist as I walk by.

The angels direct me to the waiting room where I sit with five other disease-ridden students until a (foxy) young nurse's aide calls my name.

I follow her through the hall, fantasizing about throwing her into a cloakroom and infecting her, then roaming the streets together like twin vampires, sucking up vial after vial of penicillin and sinking our fangs into moldy bread and ... BAM. She slams the door and I'm in the doctor's office. Without her.

On a stool across from me sits a sandy-haired male nurse, about 25. As is my custom, I sum him up

immediately and we begin to chew the fat. I realize he's there to prevent me from going berserk and castrating myself once I get the news.

I shift in my seat, crackling the supposedly sanitary white paper beneath me. The doctor, who looks like a demented Jules Feiffer, arrives. He goes through the standard list of questions, trying to determine my mating habits.

"When was the last time you had intercourse?"

"Last night."

"With the same girl?"

"Listen doc. One girl a night is enough, and sometimes too many."

He laughs at my little joke, barely, then pulls out one of his own; a rectangular glass slide about 4 inches long and an inch wide. I realize immediately that it's time for the dreaded pus check. Undaunted, I drop my trousers.

I glance at the sandy-haired fellow on my right and, as I'd suspected, his eyes are dangerously close to the glass slide.

I finish this ridiculous act and, as if this weren't enough, the doctor gives me a plastic cup and asks for a urine sample. I go to the men's room and,

The critic

Editor:

Does anyone ever graduate from this school after being "advised." What a joke. Not a ha, ha, funny one either, but rather how pathetic. I'm talking about advising, or lack thereof, at SF State. I have been here for two semesters and never saw any kind of adviser or had any kind of counseling. Finally on advising day I decided to take advantage of the free day off from classes and to go see an adviser, but the run around and the hassle of the whole thing wasn't worth the ten minutes of totally unproductive time I finally spent with my faculty adviser.

I started to get an adviser about two weeks before the actual advising day. I went up to Student Services in the New Administration Building. I

rades while a videotape of "The Sound of Music" was run continuously on a closed-circuit monitor. The results were conclusive. After four weeks, Thornwell forgot the purpose of the experiment and retired to Parsippany, New Jersey.

GUILT

Guilt is perhaps the most intangible of all human emotions. Jean-Paul Sartre wrote, "Guilt is dubiously inflicted. Mainly because it occurs as a byproduct of an enigmatic, but ever-present socially induced value system." Or in simpler terms, "Please call me back, it's time for 'Gunsmoke.'"

Guilt is most present in Western society. Why do women try so hard to disguise when they are wearing a feminine napkin? And why do men so painstakingly deny in public that they masturbate? I don't know, but it sure was fun saying them out loud. The point is, these guilts are entirely self-inflicted.

There are many ways of alleviating guilt: talking your fears out with an understanding friend; making amends to the persons you feel you have wronged; or doing the Charleston in a scuba diving suit.

To be truly guilt-free, however, one must also be forgiving, for forgiving is one of man's greatest gifts. So show the world your guiltlessness by giving a Schick Hot Lather Machine to the man who raped your sister. Or a lovely basket of fruit with a pink ribbon to the woman who's blackmailing you because she caught you self-inflicting.

When you really think about it, the situation is quite hopeless.

I try not to think about it.

We don't see anything, do we Joe?



Write for AB 315

We support San Francisco Assemblyman Willie Brown's efforts to reduce the felony of growing three marijuana plants to a misdemeanor.

AB 315 would make this "crime" punishable by a \$100 ticket - the same penalty for possession of less than an ounce.

The bill would eliminate arrest and spare taxpayers the indignity of being stripped naked, searched and tossed into a jail cell.

The bill faces the assembly's Criminal Justice Committee. It could fail there. It could fail in the Ways and Means Committee. It could fail during the full sessions of the assembly or senate. The governor could veto it.

Blame yourself if AB 315 fails. If you smoke pot, your fellow constituents haven't said much lately, even though:

* More than three out of 10 Californians - 7.7 million people - smoke marijuana, according to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws.

* The state spends an estimated \$100 million each year persecuting this constituency by enforcing marijuana laws, according to a 1975 government study headed by then-State Senator George Moscone.

* The average age of the pot smoker has risen: The '60s flower child is more often a corporate cog who wears a three-piece suit from 9 to 5 and smokes pot at home from a jade pipe.

With the pot-smoking constituency hiding in a closet, legislators remain uninformed. The 60-and-over crowd remembers reefer madness. We think marijuana should be legalized, but we'll be lucky if this bill passes.

Last month a San Francisco judge threw the book at several young men convicted of smuggling Thai sticks. The judge said marijuana corrupts youth.

Marijuana doesn't corrupt youth. Autocratic adults do. We don't know the judge personally, but we'll bet he was a young man in the '30s easily influenced by editorials like this one from a 1939 *Oakland Tribune*:

"The drug (marijuana) produces violent and criminal acts; it is one of the most dangerous drugs known. Addicts become murderous and perpetrate the most revolting crimes. Users often get the sudden impulse to kill or indulge in uncontrollable passions."

Stop the madness. Write to the key legislators below. Demand passage of AB 315. We did.

Hon. Bill McVittie
Criminal Justice Committee
State Capitol
Sacramento, CA 95814

Hon. Dan Boatwright
Ways and Means Committee
State Capitol
Sacramento, CA 95814

PHOENIX Spring 1979

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from page one

•schools

Last Friday a budding coalition of San Francisco legislators surfaced at one of 40 teacher's rallies to back the Dills Bill. Milton Marks and Willie Brown promised to work against the school budget cuts, and both said that Gov. Brown's budget faces bipartisan opposition.

"A lot of us in the legislature have a very different attitude towards the schools than the governor does," Brown said, "and that's on both sides of the aisle."

The San Francisco assemblyman is optimistic about regaining the lost funds.

"Coming from San Francisco, and with the speaker of the assembly being the most powerful legislative politician in the state, I don't see anything except success for San Francisco."

He called McCarthy's role in the preliminary budget skirmishes "very positive" and is apparently ready to work closely with him, although McCarthy defeated Brown for the powerful post of speaker of the assembly. The two politicians have often been at odds during their careers, and political observers considered Brown's 1974 defeat by McCarthy deeply humiliating.

"I think there is a reasonably good chance of restoring the money to the San Francisco School District," said Marks. "You will find that all of the San Francisco legislators are in favor of the restoration and I would think that a lot of other legislators, particularly those from urban areas, will join us."

Dick Floyd, Dills' legislative assistant, said Gene Chappay (R-Roseville) has already agreed to co-sponsor SB 234 and "we expect wide bipartisan support for the bill."

There is also a possibility of joint action by California's rival teacher's organizations, the CTA and the AFT. Last week, CTA President Ed Foglia hinted there could be a statewide strike by teachers if adequate long-term financing of education is not mandated by the legislature.

Jose Colmenares, CTA public rela-

tions director, said Foglia was overstating his hand.

"Realistically speaking, the chances for a strike, even next fall, are minuscule," he said. "What we would really like to see is a one-day work stoppage and big lobbying trip to Sacramento."

Colmenares' proposal is strikingly similar to one AFT President Ballard plans to broach in the near future. Ballard said he would like "to close the San Francisco schools for one day and take everybody, teachers and students, up to Sacramento and lobby the hell out of the legislature."

While the groups are extremely distrustful of one another, Colmenares said "The present situation is so critical we'll consider working with anyone... even the AFT."

Ballard said the CTA proposal for a one-day work stoppage sounded reasonable. "We would be willing to contemplate joint action with the other group," he said.

It is too early in the new political season to predict how long these newly formed alliances will hold together, or if they will be effective in shaping a budget more to their liking.

One thing is clear, however. California's huge fiscal surplus is running out and no amount of juggling can create revenue without taxation. As the money runs out, the pace and intensity of the infighting to protect pet projects and favored constituencies will increase greatly.

•space

space loss of approximately 1,000 square feet.

* Moving the Office of School Relations from the first floor of the New Administration Building to the fourth floor.

* Moving the Office of Instructional Planning (formerly All University Programs) into the Provost's office.

* Cutting Admissions and Records office space by 25 percent and moving the Educational Opportunity Program into the space.

"I can accommodate the change, but I think it's going to be costly for the university in the long run," Charles Stone, director of Admissions and Records, said.

Those in opposition believe the "domino" aspects of such shifts reflect a casual attitude toward important factors such as student and faculty traffic, space utilization and proximity to needed resources and data.

However, the authors of the suggested relocation plan say they have been seeking input from various departments and are working hard to meet needs.

"These proposals are merely suggestions with which to begin a discussion," said Dale Fleming, executive director of administration, who drafted the suggestions with Deland.

"They in no way reflect what is actually going to happen," he said.

But, before any office changes can be made, a considerable amount of remodeling will have to be done in both administration buildings.

One of the goals of the planning process is to keep the remodeling costs of the three-year-old New Administration Building below \$20,000.

According to Deland, only minimal remodeling will have to be done: repartitioning, adding or eliminating doors and switching a few phone jacks.

More work will be required in the Old Administration Building, however, before it can accommodate the counseling and placement centers on the top floor and eventually the computer center and its related activities on the ground and first floor.

Remodeling to accommodate counseling and placement will cost

\$70,000, according to Counseling Center Director Edward Hascall. Deland cited the building's age of 25 years and the need to improve ventilation and other mechanical systems as the reasons for more extensive constructions.

On the ground floor where the new computer equipment will be placed, remodeling is expected to cost between \$173,000 and \$185,000, said Ward Sangren, director of Information Systems Analysis.

That remodeling, involving construction of a false floor and an adequate ventilation system for the equip-

ment, is part of a plan to group all computer-related activities under one roof. Keypunch operators, programmers and data clerks will eventually occupy the first floor of the Old Administration Building, with the computer hardware housed on the ground floor below them.

The money for remodeling, scheduled to begin early 1980, has already been appropriated, Sangren said.

The computer equipment won't arrive until the following year, he said. "The present system is of antiquated architecture," Sangren said, referring to the main computer purchased in 1968.

"The equipment is in a decrepit state. Everyone can see that."

He said an additional \$95,000 has been appropriated to increase the terminal hookup capacity of one of the university's newer computers.

Even though part of the remodeling appears to be a year away, the subcommittee believes all changes should be made now.

"We're trying to find a way to disrupt offices as little as possible," said William Hurja, assistant director of institutional research and subcommittee member.

"It will be difficult moving people at mid-semester, but the possibility of having to move some people twice later on could be costly."

•food

section of the survey complained about the dining center.

"I'm growing more impatient and frustrated with PFM's (Professional Food Management's) practices and would very much to see a new organization take their place," said a junior from Verducci.

PFM, the current food contractor, will participate in the sealed-bid competition this spring when its four-year contract expires.

Two coalition groups have formed in the dorms to respond to residents' complaints. One of these groups is an alliance of sixth-floor residents of Mary Ward Hall.

This group is petitioning against mandatory snip purchase, but peti-

tioning in favor of a yearly food service contract and development of dorm kitchens.

A second coalition, led by Verducci resident Jon Noily, met with Finlayson Monday night to discuss official recognition of their food service committee, specific complaints and the appointment of a coalition member to the university committee that chooses the food contractor.

•college

was a student-run learning institution whose concept was taken from the Free Speech Movement (FSM) at Berkeley in 1964. The FSM had conducted a conucopia of informal classes during the Sproul Hall sit-in, and the idea of a 'free university' spread to SF State.

It started as three seminars sponsored by the student government in the fall 1965 semester to combat problems students saw with their education.

The following semester, 400 students signed up for the 22 student-organized courses. And three years later the number of courses had risen to 70, among which were "Utopian Fantasies Unlimited," taught by a group calling themselves the Kerista Tribe, and "Poetry Wail and an Introduction to the Creative Person in Outspace," taught by a man who called himself Normal. "The students were seeking something which other alternatives weren't providing," said Urban Whitaker, associated dean of the Graduate Division.

The idea was that students should take responsibility for their education, and it worked like this: anyone could organize a course about anything. The organizer didn't even have to be enrolled at SF State.

"There was a kind of Darwinian democracy about the set-up," said Arthur Chandler, humanities professor, "because if a course wasn't any good, no one signed up for it and it didn't survive."

And if a student felt uneasy about swimming so far out of the educational mainstream, he could anchor himself by obtaining independent study credit through a faculty member.

"The Experimental College allowed for innovation without threatening the establishment," said Theodore Keller, assistant professor of International Relations.

Claire Salop, who was administrative advisor for the Experimental College, said, "Students wanted to take control of their academic lives to explore new avenues of learning. It was a golden period."

"The Experimental College was a part of the zeitgeist, the spirit of the times," said Chandler. "Psychadelics were a big thing then, and after you've seen God and heard the Greatful Dead it's hard to go back to English Comp."

Perhaps that explains the popularity of "Metaphysical Education," a course that began with 15 students, ended with 700 and was described as an exploration of "the relationships of the physical, etheric, astral, mantral, and spiritual planes in the light of magic, superstition, religion, field theory, ethics wave theory."

Not that all of the classes were mystic. "Dialectical Materialism" and "The Economics of Social Change" were among the 70 courses 1,200 students signed up for in the fall 1968 semester.

But in the spring of 1969 only a handful of EC classes was offered, and by the fall of that year EC was dead.

"It was a victim of the strike," said Chandler. "The strike so completely disrupted campus operations that after it was over, energy went elsewhere."

"I suspect that its principle was lack of organization and in the end, lack of organization did it in," said Michael Gregory, professor of English.

But the EC isn't simply a pile of pamphlets and papers preserved in the archives.

"Many of the patterns that you see now in higher education were the result of the Experimental College influence," said Salop. "Things such as an increased flexibility in curriculum, individual responsibility for courses and bringing life experience into the educational process."

"Of course, some of the courses might have been bullshit," said Chandler. "But in the end they were there because the students wanted them to be there. And that's what the Experimental College was all about."

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Wednesday & Thursday -
Feb. 14, 15:

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Toshiro Mifune
Directed by Akira Kurosawa

"UGETSU" (1954)
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arts

'Weavings':

Tapestry of torture

by Liz Dahl

A switch is thrown, the electricity zaps through her body and the screams send a chill down your spine.

This isn't Dr. Frankenstein's latest creation. It's "Weavings," a serious play that portrays the terror and strength of two women trapped in different worlds of torture — the Nazi movement of the 1930s and 1940s and the Pinochet regime in Chile of the 1970s. The story is based on the lives of women now living in the Bay Area.

Sponsored by the Union for Radical Political Economics, "Weavings" played to a small but enthusiastic audience at the Barbary Coast on Jan. 31.

By keeping the sets and costuming simple and the pace fast, the Community Theatre Arts Workshop successfully entwines the two women's lives and delivers social comment with both clever wit and blatant insult.

The actors each take several different roles, except for the main characters of Tamara and Dolores, played by Judith Binder and Maria Zamora-Alcorcha respectively. Focus is drawn directly to the characters because there's no distraction by the costumes or props.

One portion of the play is set in Germany and Holland, where the Jewish Tamara works in the underground against Hitler. The other portion is set in Chile, where hospital worker Dolores becomes involved in the resistance against the military junta. The scenes alternate between the two continents and are tied together by a narrator.

Both women are arrested and tortured, but while Tamara escapes quickly and joins the underground in Holland, Dolores remains a political prisoner for months.

The Chilean scenes are the most emotional, partly because Zamora-Alcorcha is so expressive, but also because the prison torturer, played by Agnelo Guzman, is believable.

Guzman graduated from SF State's theater arts program last year and has since been working with Nina Serrano, who directed "Weavings" and co-authored it with Judith Binder.

When he came to the United States from Mexico eight years ago, Guzman spoke no English.

"My first intention was just to come visit my sister, but after a couple of months I enrolled in one of the adult schools where they teach English, and I learned it," Guzman said.

Many of the "Weavings" scenes are bilingual, with a question or statement in Spanish and the response in English. The scenes are skillfully written and



Agnelo Guzman and Maria Zamora-Alcorcha "Dolores"

effectively played by Guzman and Zamora-Alcorcha so the two languages complement each other without causing confusion for the audience.

"I think I got good experience here (SF State). I wasn't in any major productions, but I was in some Brown Bag productions," he said.

After learning the language, Guzman went to College of San Mateo and then transferred to SF State to major in theater arts.

A bilingual movie, "After the Earthquake" ("Después del Terremoto"), is one of the projects Guzman has just completed with Serrano. He will be doing a play completely in Spanish this spring if he stays in the country that long. His student visa has expired, and he doesn't know yet if it will be extended.

If it isn't, he said, he plans to return to Mexico and continue acting in "people's" theater groups like those he's been involved with here.

His versatility shows in the torture scenes, as he whips Dolores, orders the electrical torture and ceaselessly badgers her for information. Offstage he's soft-spoken and polite. One would hardly know he's in the room.

One of the play's strongest aspects is the way characters are able to relax and enjoy themselves despite their fear, as in a German cabaret scene. Cast member Vanessa Kingston slithers and gyrates to the song "Anna the Amazon Queen," allowing both audi-

ence and cast to have fun with the scene and her onstage antics, as well as providing momentary diversion for the frightened Tamara.

Throughout the play, the relationships of love and trust between the women are emphasized. The will to continue their fight only grows stronger with each day spent in prison and each crack of the whip across their backs.

Tamara finally escapes Holland, and Dolores is exiled after several arrests and imprisonments. Both women end up in the Bay Area where they vow to continue the struggle against Fascism.

There are some slow moments, but those are few. The music, composed by Phil Serrano and played by Greg Landau and Ricky Fernandez, helps set the mood and keep the pace going.

Other cast members include Vilma Coronado, Stephen Driggs, David L. Eichenberg, Daniel Genera, Pam Jennings, Kiira Jepson and Chance Mesaro.

Linda Conti did the narration, and Carole Rae designed and made the weavings used in the set design.

There are four performances left in the season: March 10 at the Teatro de la Gente in San Jose, March 15 at the Jewish Community Center in San Francisco, March 31 at San Jose State and April 14 at the Second People's Theater Festival at UC Santa Cruz. For more information call 433-6698 or 626-2294.



FILM

Chapter 2 of "Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe" will be shown at the Union Depot at 4:30 p.m. on Monday, Feb. 12, followed by "Bloopers," a series of TV and film out-takes, from 5-7 p.m. Admission is free.

Cinemathèque presents the Alfred Hitchcock film "Birds" and "Strangers on a Train" at McKenna Theater on Friday, Feb. 9 at 7:30 p.m. "Design for Living," a 1933 film based on the Noel Coward play, will be shown at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday, Feb. 14. Student admission is \$1.25.

MUSIC

Two jazz groups will appear at the Union Depot this week: Jeff Pittson and Ronnie Tamborina on Friday, Feb. 9 from 12-2 p.m. and Muata Kenyatta on Wednesday, Feb. 14 from 5-7 p.m.

Blues artist Betty Kaplowitz will be at the Depot from 5-7 p.m. on Tuesday, Feb. 13. All performances are free.

DANCE

A live-music disco dance will be held in the thoroughfare of the Student Union Friday, Feb. 9 from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Admission is free with student ID.

POETRY

Bill Talen presents his music and poetry Tuesday, Feb. 13 in the Barbary Coast. Free.

THEATER

Rhoda Gemignani, frequent guest star on TV's "Bob Newhart Show," will star in "Look Who's Here!" at the Little Theater on Tuesday, Feb. 13 from 12:45 to 2 p.m. Admission is free.

ART

"Art in the Seventies," a panel discussion sponsored by Art or Else will be held Tuesday, Feb. 13 at noon in Student Union conference rooms A-C. Free.

Depot: stopover for free gigs

by Michael Reed

In the last two and a half years the Union Depot in the Student Union has made the transition from standard student hangout to the only ongoing music entertainment locale on campus.

The decorations — especially the railroad crossing signs and the sepia-toned pictures of steam locomotives on the walls — may not be as tasteful and cozy as originally intended, but the coffeehouse/stage facility is the only place on campus where a show can be seen from the entire seating area for the price of a beer or less. There is no cover charge at the Depot.

The Depot was not originally planned for its present use, although then-Student Union Program Director, Bob Turner realized that with a stage, lights, carpets and technical hookups the present concept for using the space would work.

Rod Gross, the current Depot manager and emcee for the shows, expanded the weeknight entertainment to five days a week.

"Monday nights are the film series, programmed by Robert Ferrar; the first and third Tuesdays we have comedy teams and the other evenings the Depot is music — folk, jazz, blues and country — and there are lots of nights to hear whichever you prefer," he said.

The entertainment usually consists of professional groups from the Bay Area, some that perform in other San Francisco clubs. Back in the Saddle, Mark Naftalin, The Julian Priester Trio and Steve Seskin are among those scheduled this semester.

appreciative campus audience is all the incentive big groups need to come out here,"

Gross is also auditioning and booking students. "Jazz is taught by the Music Department and I'm finding many fine musicians here at school who are professional or semi-professional and anxious for exposure," he said. The student jazz groups fit in neatly with the predominantly jazz schedule.

A fall survey ranked jazz, blues and bluegrass as the three most-preferred types of entertainment.

The Depot does have its limitations, as pointed out by performer Armen Boyd.

"The stage lighting is bad and adds little to the atmosphere. Then there is a flow-through problem with people going in and out. That can be distracting both to a performer and audience. But with planning these problems can be solved," said Boyd.

Banding together in a concerted effort

by Tina Brickner

If the fun of playing in a band has faded with high school memories, revive that interest by enrolling in Music 372, Concert Band.

"Concert Band is open to students of all majors and we do need people to play in the band," says Edwin Kruth, one instructor for the class. "Here in the Music Department, we're concerned because the majority of students don't realize what we have to offer."

The other instructor, Jan Gaynor, says students can benefit from taking their instruments out of the closet for the sheer pleasure of making music.

"We aren't highly competitive," says Gaynor. "I don't audition people. Rather, I let them play on a trial basis to see what they can do and see if they're comfortable with the music we play."

"It's a shame people aren't aware and aren't participating. Some students think there's a lot of pressure here, but it just doesn't exist. The band is a good group and it's good musical experience."

During previous semesters the band has performed in the Student Union and has played pops concerts. Gaynor says she hopes the group will remain

large enough to continue such performances. Forty students are now enrolled in the class, but players are needed for all instruments, particularly in the brass section.

"We could really use lower brass, but the band is open," says Gaynor. "Whoever wants to be in the band can play."

Music 372 meets on Tuesdays and Thursdays from noon to 2 p.m. and carries one unit of credit. Students may rent some instruments for \$10 per semester.

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sports

Women fall short

by Ann Miller

When undefeated Chico State met undefeated SF State in Golden State Conference (GSC) women's basketball action last Friday, something had to give. It wasn't Chico.

Although the Gators made a last-ditch effort in the final minutes, they fell short, 57-55, and dropped to second place.

The Gators have another shot at the now-league leading Wildcats when the two meet again on Feb. 17 in Chico for an 8 p.m. contest.

Picking up where they left off in last week's victory over Berkeley, SF State beat Chico in the early going with a controlled running game.

Getting second and third shots almost at will, the Gators built a 26-13 lead with less than 10 minutes left in the first half.

But then Debbie Kjellberg and Chico teammate Dianna Honeycutt began to burn up the court.

Three 20-footers, an assist and a steal by Kjellberg, along with Honeycutt's four baskets helped the Wildcats score 18 of the half's last 20 points.

"Our defense sagged off and we weren't hitting our shots," said Diana Pels, who fueled the second-half Gator comeback.

In the first half, SF State managed to toss up an incredible 40 shots. Only 11 fell through.

As for defense, well, as Kjellberg

put it, "You take what they give you."

The Wildcats built their lead to 37-30 with 14:27 left in the game. Gator Coach Gooch Foster decided she had seen enough.

The starters came out to catch their breath and watch Kjellberg's behind-the-back, over-the-head passes. Pels, Cheryl Goldsmith, Kristen De Andreis and Mary Whatford joined Elin Klaseen on the floor.

The reserves more than held their own, and with 4:40 left the Gators pulled even with Chico at 49. Klaseen scored five of the Gators' next six points to put SF State up 55-54 with 1:16 remaining. Thirty-five seconds later, Terianne Young, the Wildcats' 6-foot freshman center, hit a follow-up to put Chico ahead for good.

The Gators couldn't answer Young's basket and Kjellberg dribbled through the Gators for 25 seconds before she was fouled. Her final free throw with nine seconds left produced the final margin as SF State was unable to get up another shot.

Kjellberg led the scoring with 17 points, followed by Honeycutt with 14 and the Gators' Angel Floyd with 11.

The Gators came back Saturday night to defeat Humboldt, 98-40. Senior co-captains Kim Miller and Dianna Grayer popped in 27 and 26 points respectively. The Gators now stand at 7-1 in the GSC.

Gator notes . . . SF State played Sacramento State last night and won, 78-58. . . Stanislaus is next Saturday at 6 p.m., an away game. The Gators travel to Humboldt on Feb. 16 for a 5:30 p.m. game. . . The next home game is Feb. 20 against Davis at 7 p.m.



SF State baserunner Gary Oefinger dives back into first against Humboldt.

Photo by Scott Ludwig

Gators emerge in FWC swim finals

SF State's women's swim team qualified all of its 13 swimmers for the Far Western Conference Championships, to be held at Hayward Feb. 22 to 24.

The swimmers had to meet or better a previously set time for each of their individual events in order to qualify.

"The 15th-place time from last year (in each event) is the basis used for qualifying players in the championships," swim coach Harold Zane says.

"And the times get faster every year."

Only 18 swimmers from each school may compete in the post-season championships.

Conference standings for teams are determined by a combination of their season's dual meet records and placements in the upcoming championships.

This year's Gator squad has a 2-2 dual meet record. They defeated Sacramento State, 75-74, and UC Davis, 77-72.

scoreboard

Men's Basketball

SF State	27	34	61
Chico State	28	26	54

Chico State — Teague 2-0-0-4, Castro 0-0-0-0, Scott 0-0-0-0, Wysong 2-2-2-6, Dyslin 3-3-4-9, Burden 6-1-2-13, Pepper 6-3-3-15, Dalton 2-0-0-4, Hamm 1-0-0-2, Lopez 0-1-2-1.

SF State — Hynes 9-1-1-19, Wollman 0-2-3-2, Midzuno 1-2-2-4, Bickard 1-0-0-2, Kalinowski 5-0-0-10, Carter 3-0-0-6, Rutz 3-0-0-6, Donati 6-0-0-12.

SF State	23	29	52
Humboldt	33	41	74

Women's Basketball

SF State	28	27	55
Chico State	31	26	57

Chico State — Kjellberg 8 1-2-17, Gaeta 1 0-0-2, Hurlmann 0 0-0-0, Blenkenship 4 0-0-8, Galligan 1 2-4-4, Moore 1 0-0-2, Davis 3 0-0-6, Young 2 0-1-4, Honeycutt 7 0-2-14.

SF State — Floyd 4 3-3-11, De Andreis 0 0-0-0, Pels 4 2-4-10, Chatford 1 0-0-2, Huerte 0 0-0-0, Harmon 1 0-1-2, Grayer 4 0-0-8, Klaseen 1 3-4-5, Rickman 1 1-2-3, Miller 3 2-3-8, Goldsmith 3 0-0-6.

SF State	46	52	98
Humboldt	12	28	40

Cagers' comeback upsets Chico

by Benny Evangelista, Jr.

SF State's basketball team let the chance it had been waiting for all season slip right through its hands.

After upsetting third-place Chico State Friday night, the Gators let victory — and the ball — slip through their hands Saturday night against league leader Humboldt State.

A victory against Humboldt would have put the Gators in playoff contention, but now their 24 conference record drops them to fifth in the league.

The Gators are looking to improve that standing on their home turf this Friday against Sacramento State. The game starts at 8:15 p.m.

Sinking 62 percent of their shots, the Gators drowned any and all chances the Chico Wildcats had for victory.

Down 28-27 at intermission, SF State outscored the Wildcats, 12-2, to start the second half. The Gators never relinquished their lead.

Senior guard Jim Hynes paced the Gators with 19 points; he sunk nine of 12 shots from the floor.

Hynes was second in league scoring with a 22.5 average going into last weekend's contests.

Forward Greg Kalinowski had 10 points and seven rebounds in his return to the lineup after missing two games with an ankle injury.

"It sure helped to have Kalinowski

back at full speed," said Gator coach Lyle Damon.

Against Humboldt the next night, SF State found itself up against a different opponent. The Far-Western-Conference-leading Lumberjacks used their height advantage — their starting frontline averaged 6-foot-8-inches — to stretch their halftime lead to 10 points.

The Gators fought back to close the gap to six points with 16 minutes left in the game, and it looked like they might repeat their previous night's performance against Chico.

But after calling time out, Humboldt forward Rory Lovell got the hot hand, scoring 17 of his game-high 23 points. At the same time, the Lumberjack defense cooled the Gator's shooting, and kept them in check until the final buzzer.

Gator notes . . . Humboldt State is ranked ninth nationally in NCAA Division III basketball. Their FWC record is now 5-1, 14-4 overall. Hayward is second at 4-2. Chico fell to 3-3 and 11-10. SF State holds a 61-49 lifetime edge over Chico and a 69-25 lifetime record against Humboldt.

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Jim Hynes
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Gators home Friday against Sacramento State. "Merchants Night" — Tip-off at 8:15 pm.

The senior from Long Beach paced the Gators to an upset win over Chico State with 19 points. He also had 14 points against Humboldt State.

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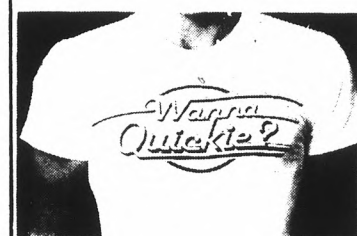
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AND CASSETTES

HOT TIME IN THE CITY

by Sherry Posnick

Photos by Michael Tharin

Hot tubs mean different things to different people. Some conjure visions of the idle rich in Marin, lying in their tubs being stroked with peacock feathers. Orgies. An awareness experience. Good clean fun.

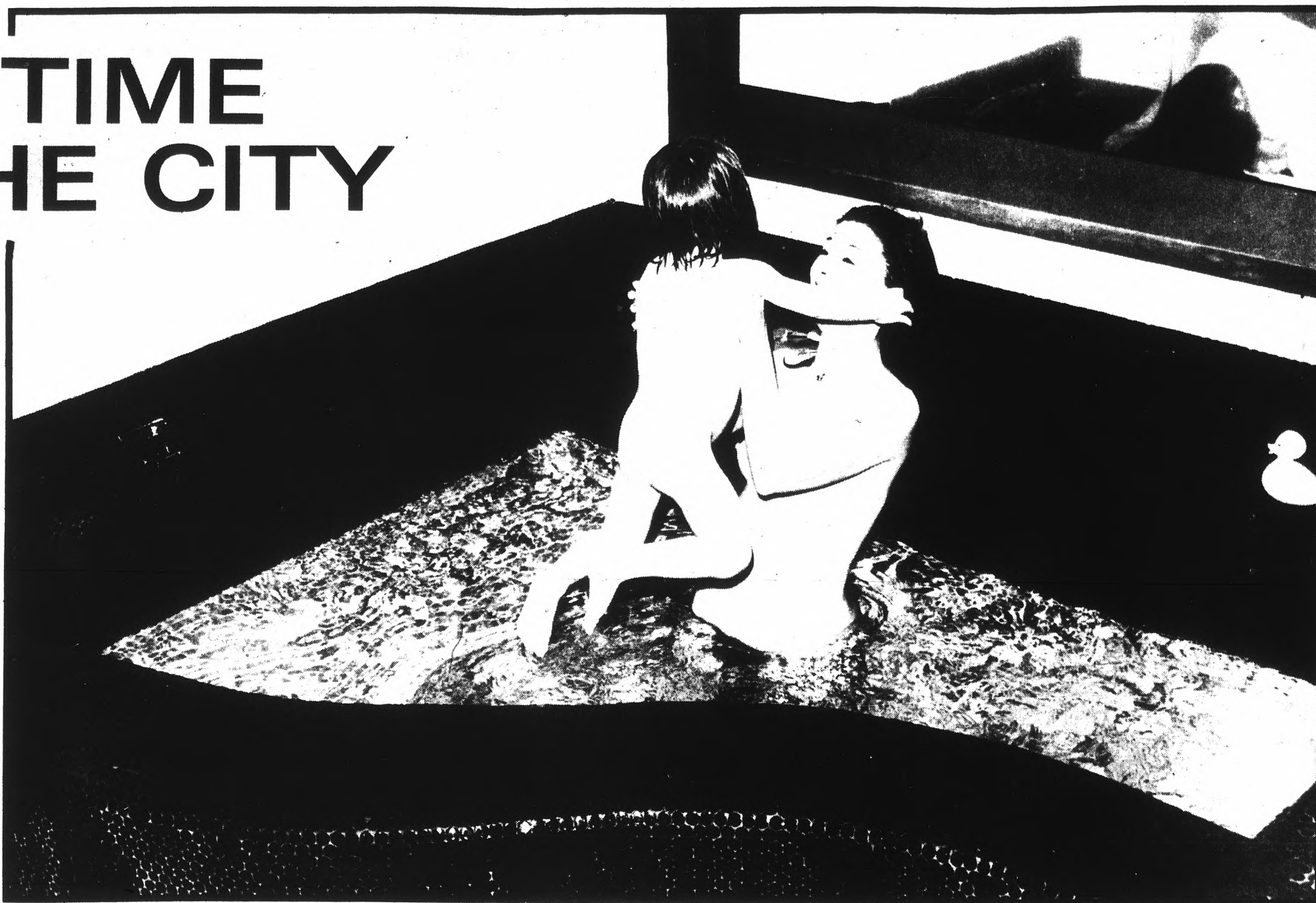
The Japanese have known the pleasures of communal bathing for centuries. They knew of the benefits of relaxation, both to the body and the psyche.

Unfortunately, the wonders of the hot tub aren't cheap. The price for a good home unit starts at about \$1,800 although do-it-yourself kits are cheaper.

But if you don't mind driving to your bath, two entrepreneurs have succeeded in bringing hot tubs to San Francisco at prices nearly everyone can afford.

Grand Central Station on Fell Street and The Hot Tubs on Van Ness offer hydromassage-jet hot tubs by the hour in private rooms that include sauna, shower, music and a double bed. For soft drinks, ring room service.

Unlike public baths, these establishments are not meeting places for stran-



A swimming pool for paranoid adult non-swimmers and children? Negative. This is a hot tub. Rubber duck is optional equipment. So are bathing suits.

backwords

gers seeking sexual encounters. As one attendant put it, "Everyone brings their own find."

Heterosexual couples dominate these spots and are usually young and middle class. Occasionally, threesomes, foursomes or larger groups are seen.

Hot tubs fall under the same codes as public swimming pools and are continually filtered and chlorinated to meet health requirements. Temperatures in the tubs stand at 106 to 107 degrees.

Grand Central Station became the first hot tub establishment to open in the city two years ago, the brainchild of Jack Yanoff. Yanoff has a glow of good health about him and looks younger than his 46 years.

"We were the pacesetter. Nobody knew how to handle us at first," said Yanoff. "Now business is better than ever."

Evidence of this is seen on Friday and Saturday nights, when the wait is an hour or so for one of the 26 rooms.

Yanoff was the owner of the Basin Street West Club on Broadway in San Francisco, booking top entertainers such as Count Basie, Red Foxx and Ike and Tina Turner.

He decided to change businesses when he went to a Japanese bath house with a girlfriend and discovered men and women were segregated.

"I thought it was ridiculous that two people couldn't take a hot tub and sauna and relax together," he said.

"Public bath houses at the time were mostly for male gays. Gay women had no place to go, nor did people with families and children. I found a need and filled it."

Yanoff shone with enthusiasm as he described his satisfied customers. "It's the first time in my life everyone says 'Great place, thank you.' In my other job, people would complain, 'It was too expensive,' or 'I didn't like the show.' Everyone leaves here with a smile on their face."

Yanoff said his clientele includes students, tennis players, joggers, gay women and people in business suits off Montgomery Street. "Business people, instead of going to a bar and having a fattening lunch, come here and relax, then go back and do twice as much work."

Grand Central Station's decor is clean and white, yet without an atmosphere of sterility. The rooms are spacious, encompassing 200 square feet. The tubs and saunas are redwood.

The price is \$4.25 per person for an hour, and \$2 thereafter for each half hour. Key deposit is \$2. A maximum of four persons are allowed in each room, but larger groups may rent two rooms with an adjoining door.

Bob Dellman, owner of The Hot Tubs, is a bit testy when talking about his enterprise, as if he is used to defending it.

"What do you want to know?" he asked. "Bathing has been around for thousands of years... people in the United States are really uptight about it. People in the United States try to put connotations on this kind of stuff. They shouldn't. It's kind of sad. It's a very nice thing to do, mentally and physically. I'm an advocate of this, and I'm glad I did it."

Dellman said older people patronize the tubs during the daytime as therapy for aches and pains. "It depends upon where your head is, as to what therapy is. Even chiropractors and physical therapists send people to us."

The atmosphere of The Hot Tubs is plusher than Grand Central Station's. The waiting room and hallway are carpeted in red, and the walls are painted a metallic silver. Moonlike globes hang everywhere. The price is also higher: \$5 an hour, with a \$5 key deposit.

There are 21 rooms, and all the hot tubs are inlaid with tiles of various shades of blue.

The hot tub as we know it was born in California seven or eight years ago. Today in California homes, as many

THE HOT TUBS

hot tubs as swimming pools are installed. The trend has spread across the country as the concept of bathing becomes more and more removed from simple cleanliness.

As the popularity of hot tubs grows, it is clearly only a matter of time before cities are inundated with places like Grand Central Station and The Hot Tubs.

Someday soon, we may all be in hot water.



Above: No waiting tonight. Patrons at San Francisco's Grand Central Station gather at an uncharacteristically clear registration desk. At right: Cuddling within one of The Hot Tubs' redwood saunas.





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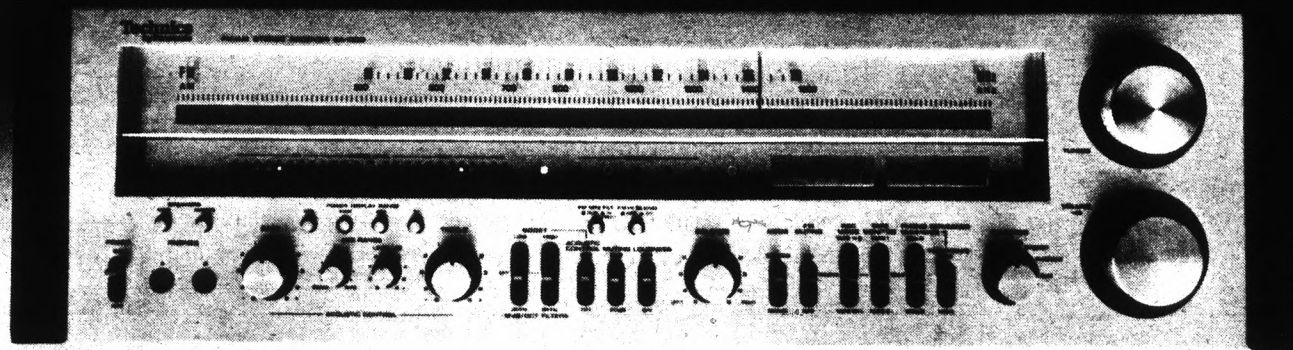
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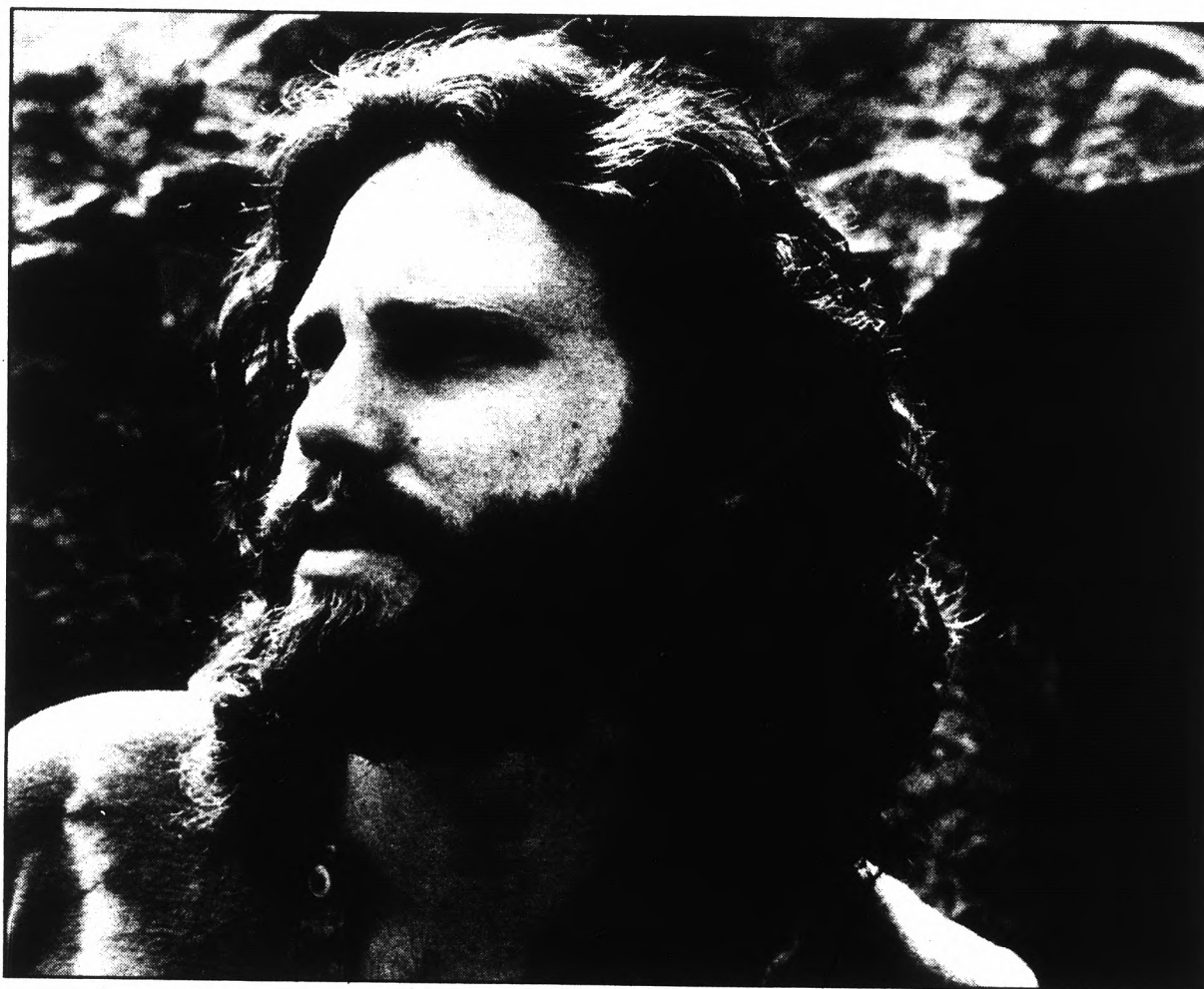


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New Contributors

GLENN ABEL (On Disc) is the editor of *New Look* magazine, lives in Gainesville, Florida, and types very neatly.

GILBERT ASAKAWA (On Disc) is a senior at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, majoring in painting; upon graduation he will settle in native Boulder, Colorado, "snug, happy and poor."

TERRY ATKINSON (On Screen) is a top-notch free lance writer who contributes regularly to *The Los Angeles Times*.

BRAD FLORY (On Tour) attends Central Michigan University and cites, as evidence of his up-against-the-wall radicalism in the Sixties, "several unsuccessful attempts to burn down the ROTC building."

DAVID HANCOCK (On Tour) lives in Tucson, Arizona, and says he's lead guitarist with hot new local group, the Dog Nuts. We don't believe him.

ED WARD (On Disc) is an extremely famous free lance type who lives in Sausalito and writes for magazines we haven't even heard of as well as many that we have.

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IN ONE EAR...

Elves?

Those so-called elves in the December, 1978, issue of *Ampersand* were actually Brownies and they were penned by Palmer Cox back in the late 1800s. The Brownie books were a series of children's books and a large line of souvenirs, figurines, and toys was developed because of those books. They are now quite valuable antiques.

ERIC ANDERSON
MUSKOGON, MI

Right

Three cheers to Judith Sims for her oh-so-ture review of the so-called "hit musical," *The Wiz*. As a lover of musicals, I have never seen one musical yet, except *Grease* and *The Wiz*, that has made such a mess with talent and creativity. I'd like to thank Judith Sims for writing exactly what I would have written—the truth!

MARTHA L. OLIVAS
EL PASO, TX

Wrong

This letter is in reference to a critique of the movie version of *The Wiz* by one Judith Sims in your December, 1978, issue. I found the "critique" in exceptionally bad taste! As a theatre and journalism enthusiast, I cringed

at such ignorance and obviously subjective reporting. Besides its poor taste, the article was blatantly racially prejudiced and therefore inexcusable. I am not a person who, by any means, thinks in racial terms, but even I could not miss the unmistakable undertones in this "critique." It is very apparent that either your writer has a personal dislike for black-oriented films or she should go back to journalism school, if she went at all. I don't understand what gave her the right to so brutally crush something of tremendous beauty and creativity just because she did not care for it!

Remarks that were made about Ms. Diana Ross, whom I personally consider a fantastic singer and actress, Michael Jackson, Nipsey Russell, and Ted Ross were personally insulting to me. Miss Sims obviously does not recognize great talent even when it is staring her in the face. Other derogatory remarks were made, such as "every black dancer west of Gibraltar is in the movie." What Judith Sims fails to realize is that this film gave a hell of a lot of talented black actors and dancers the exposure that they wouldn't have been able to attain otherwise in such a crowded theatrical world.

I suggest that before Ms. Sims attempts to write another objective critique she learn how to do so, or keep her personal likes and dislikes to herself!

KAREN STEPHENS
GAINESVILLE, FL

Missing Mac

I have tried to find the two books you reviewed, *Fleetwood Mac—Rumours 'n' Fax* and *The Authorized History of Fleetwood Mac*, but I have had absolutely no luck whatsoever.

PAULETTE OLSON
CHICAGO, IL

The publishers of each book—Warner Books for *The Authorized History* and Harmony Books for *Rumours 'n' Fax*—expressed concern over this

problem, but said "Don't call us." Demand that your local bookstore order the volumes for you.

Misc.

What has become of Charlie Martin, the former drummer with Bob Seger's band? His backup singing on "Heavy Music" on *Live Bullet* made me an ardent fan. But when Bob's latest album was released, woe is me, Charlie had been replaced (?) by David Teegarden.

KIM SMILAY
CENTRAL MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY

This is the kind of question that we wish had a happier answer. Martin was hit by an automobile and quite seriously injured before the Stranger in Town sessions. Dave Teegarden, who'd played with Bob on 1972's *Smokin' O.P.'s*, was asked to rejoin the band. According to a representative of Seger's management, Charlie continues to live in Detroit and joins Bob during hometown appearances. During this summer's sold-out week at Pine Knob, he sat in on organ for each night's encores.

Bless you, Davin Seay! It's high time someone recognized C.S. Lewis' importance (In Print, November). Lewis was one of the finest prose stylists of this or any other century, and his contribution to the fantasy genre is phenomenal. Thanks, too, for recognizing that Lewis wrote fantasy fiction in the best sense of the phrase, not science fiction, as the Great Unwashed persist in saying.

JANA OYLER
TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY

Write to Us

Many of you have been writing to your local school papers telling them what a swell publication *Ampersand* is. Don't tell them, tell us! Send epistles to *In One Ear*, c/o *Ampersand*, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Los Angeles, CA 90028. We need all the affection we can get, but we're also grateful for comments, jokes and nasty cracks.

In Here

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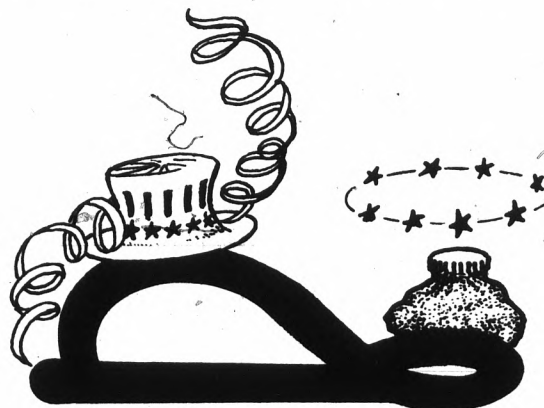
OUR COVER

Handsome British actor Malcolm McDowell stars as H.G. Wells in *Time After Time*, which could be subtitled "Victorian England Meets Modern San Francisco. Score 0-0."

This month's *Ampersand* has a hangover, much like certain members of our staff. It was drawn quite nicely by Carl Partridge of San Diego, California, who will receive \$25.00 one of these days.

If any creative artist types out there would

like to contribute to *Ampersand* of the Month, follow these rules: draw your squiggles in black ink on white paper, be neat, and print your name and address on the artwork; several nameless *Ampersands* are floating around our office. Very embarrassing.



& OUT THE OTHER

First, the Important News

FLEETWOOD MAC'S CHRISTINE MCVIE is keeping steady company with Beach Boy Dennis Wilson. Stephen Stills, poised to launch a new band with Bonnie Bramlett, is blissful in Bel Air with actress Susan Saint James. And Bill Spooner, leader of the Tubes, and wife Cindy, a Tube dancer, are expecting their first child any minute. All together now: a test 'Tube baby! The group's new album, *Remote Control*, produced by Todd Rundgren, is also expected any minute.

Talk About Culture Shock

THE FIRST FILMS requested by China—now that the arts of the western world are available to them—were those made by Charlie Chaplin. The first recent American film the Chinese people will see is . . . *Futureworld*. Because American International Pictures raced to Peking with a contract in hand, that's why.

Transitions

DRUMMER AYNLEY DUNBAR has been hired by Jefferson Starship to replace John Barbata, who is still recuperating from injuries incurred in a serious auto accident last year. Dunbar is not temporary; the group is not even pretending to wait for Barbata's recovery.

J. D. SOUTHER was dropped by Elektra/Asylum after he spent some \$300,000 on his new album—and recorded only five songs. But E/A has gained Martin Mull; his first effort for the label (his third) is titled *Mull Becomes Elektra*. It cost about \$1.98 to record.

CAT STEVENS has reportedly abandoned all personal appearance plans in the foreseeable future; he's living in Rio de Janeiro where he recently joined the Moslem faith, changing his name to Yusuf Islam. That's his third name so far; he started out in life as Steven Dimitri Georgio.

Animal-Hippie-White House?

IN A QUICK MANEUVER to match the megabucks generated over at Universal by *National Lampoon's* *Matty Simmons* and *Animal House*, Paramount Pictures signed *Rolling Stone* editor and publisher Jann Wenner to a three-picture deal to "develop" youth-oriented movies. Obviously, no one at Paramount ever saw *The Rolling Stone Tenth Anniversary TV Special*. The first Wenner project—which Wenner will not produce, so his role in all this is vague at best—will be scribbled by *Stone's* Senior Editor Ben Fong-Torres, to whom we wish bouddles of luck. Fong-Torres is not quite a movie virgin; he recently did a brief acting stint in *Americathon*, in which he plays a Chinese tourist stealing mementos from the White House. "Type casting," says Fong-Torres.

Americathon—which is not a Wenner project—sounds like a logical successor to *Animal House's* mindless humor. It takes place in 1998 when America is \$400 billion in debt, bankrupt, totally kaput. The Western White House is a condominium in Marina del Rey, all our oil is dry, we're a nation of bicyclers. A



California Rock Party

At a gala fete honoring publication of their new book, *California Rock, California Sound* (which was the source of *Ampersand's* October Joni Mitchell cover story) and also celebrating display of the book's photographs in the Mirage Gallery, author Anthony Fawcett and photographer Henry Diltz watched hungry press hordes devour insufficient quantities of enchiladas and margaritas. Jackson Browne, who is featured in the book, dropped by and apparently surprised Diltz (right).

bunch of crazy, nutty folks present a telethon to pull America out of the hole; Harvey Korman is the smarmy telethon emcee, Peter Riegert (Boon of *Animal House*) is a media consultant, Fred Willard is the dastardly Vice President, John Ritter is Prez. Elvis Costello appears briefly, exhorting the English to pledge money for America. This bit of fun was filmed at Mount St. Mary's College in downtown Los Angeles, masquerading as London's Hyde Park. Proving we don't have to wait until 1998 for a budget crisis.

Remakes, Spinoffs & Copies

AFTER MONTHS OF on-off bargaining, Neil Diamond has finally agreed to play Al Jolson in a remake of *The Jazz Singer*, for which he'll earn \$5 million—\$1 million in cash, \$4 million in soundtrack rights (to be forked over by Capitol, not Diamond's label, Columbia).

STAYING ALIVE, THE television series based on *Saturday Night Fever*, is now called *Makin' It*, about a family's survival or, as one spokesperson said, "Happy Days in the Seventies." The parents are played by Lou Antonio and Ellen Travolta, a name we've seen somewhere before.

BARNEY MILLER, ONE of *Ampersand's* favorite television series, may have one less detective in the squalid squad room: Maxwell Gail, who plays Wojehowicz, will have his own series if an hour-long spinoff segment sells; half of the show will be Wojo at work, the other half Wojo at home . . . with a reformed hooker, no less.

GEORGE HARRISON'S new album, so far called *George Harrison*, actually has a song called "Here Comes the Moon."

Do These Plots Sound Familiar?

TAKE DOWN, a new film from Disney starring Lorenzo Lamas (son of Fernando), recounts the hapless adventures of a losing high school wrestling team which is sparked to greatness by the prowess of Lamas, who finds self confidence and respect through superior grappling.

THE RAMONES AND their music are featured in *Rock and Roll High School*, a wild, silly battle of "wits" between the "good" rowdy students of Vince Lombardi High and the "bad" principal, all leading to an explosive conclusion: the high school blows up.

Flick Fax

STEVE MARTIN'S FIRST film, *Money to Burn*, will be directed by Carl Reiner . . . Peter Frampton will star in two films for Orion Pictures, the first described as a "comedy drama concerning a rock star . . . but not a musical." Thanks for small favors . . . Mac Davis makes his acting debut in *North Dallas Forty*, starring Nick Nolte . . . Playwright Sam Shepard, who made his acting debut in *Days of Heaven*, will co-star opposite Ellen Burstyn in *Resurrection*, about a female christ . . . *Monty Python's Life of Brian* is finally finished, and Graham Chapman (the tall one) is now in Los Angeles collaborating on a new film script and planning his first U.S. college lecture tour . . . Ralph Bakshi's next feature-length animated film will be *American Pop*, with 17 musical numbers illustrating the history of American music as witnessed by a ten-year-old boy who arrives in this country in 1910 and bops along to 1980 . . . Bill Murray of *Saturday Night Live* may play gonzo

journalist Hunter S. Thompson in *Where the Buffalo Roam*, also starring Peter Boyle.

Ample Angst

MICHAELANGLO ANTONIONI'S NEXT project is called *Suffer or Die*, appropriate for this angst-laden Italian director; it stars Giancarlo Giannini (in a role turned down by Jack Nicholson, Richard Gere, and Ryan O'Neal) as an architect caught up in the eerie history of a monastery he is hired to convert into a mansion for rich owner Mick Jagger. The screenplay by Anthony Burgess, an angst-laden Britisher, is being rewritten by Buck Henry, who has no angst to grind at all.

You Mean We'll Actually Have To Read Books?

CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, "great literature in comic book format," a staple with students since the Forties, is out of business. Collectors, take note: an original *Classics Illustrated Three Musketeers* is worth a fast \$75.

Our Heroes

BUDDING HISTORIANS, SOCIOLOGY students and anyone with an abiding interest in rock and roll would be well advised to park themselves in front of a TV set on Friday night, February 9, when ABC will broadcast *Heroes of Rock and Roll*, a two-hour prime-time documentary (9 P.M. nationwide) that is light years ahead of the standards normally associated with TV rock.

Narrated by Jeff Bridges, *Heroes* is a chronological history of 25 years of rock and roll presented in a snappy, fast-paced montage that's highly entertaining, often hilarious and enormously informative. It's the first time the "Big Four"—Presley, Beatles, Stones and Dylan—have been featured on the same show and the action is spiced with rare footage of Hank Williams, Buddy Holly and never-before-seen clips of the Beatles performing at the Cavern in Liverpool in 1962.

The program is particularly strong in detailing the early years of rock, emphasizing its roots in black music and illustrating the social climate of the era from which it sprang. With rock and roll such an integral part of the current cultural landscape, it's both amusing and eye-opening to witness the fear and loathing with which it was originally viewed by the guardians of public morality and decency.

The least interesting part of the show—and the one containing the most glaring omissions in terms of artistic selection—is the section dealing with the Seventies (which may reflect more on the quality of this decade's performers than anything else). Still, *Heroes of Rock and Roll* is easily the most knowledgeable and thorough look at the subject ever presented on television. Don't miss it.

Don Snowden



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This Duck Gets Down

BY KENT MURPHY

A couple of years ago a new comic book character introduced himself in the otherwise undistinguished pages of a "creature" comic called *Man-Thing*: a duck, Howard by name, the feathered kind with a ruffled, ill-fitting sport coat that didn't quite cover his protruding tail. He carried a cigar and a jaunty air of confidence while, deep in the Everglades, light years from home, he was about to face a gang of goblins summoned by a master villain. Howard, in the manner of all great heroes, attracts trouble like a lightning rod.

The Duck wears his dockworker philosophy on his sleeve, a self-reliant figure in an execrable world populated by, as he puts it, "talking, hairless apes." Howard escaped his first encounter with Earth only to misstep on a celestial pathway home. He fell tumbling through the void, this time into a vacant lot in Cleveland. Depressed by his poor sense of direction, Howard resolved to dive from a height toward the smelly Cuyahoga River, which once in real life caught fire. But near the top of a slender tower on the river's edge, the Duck stumbled once again. This time a voluptuous redhead barely dressed in golden chains sobbed her despair and Howard made his move. Thus began his relationship with the delightful Beverly, a kind of love one who doesn't know Howard cannot hope to fathom.

Maybe four feet tall with wide flat flippers, the comic kingdom's newest hero looks no more the part than Bogey did. But Beverly Switzler, who could be Lauren Bacall's lush baby sister, fell hard for the tough little bird who came to her aid in what turned out to be a mad accountant's castle.

The celebrated first issue of *Howard the Duck* ends on a wan and pessimistic note. Two themes appear on its final page that follow through all his adventures. With Beverly at his side and not a dime in his pocket he listens to her ask "Where will you go now? What will you do?" The existential anguish comes to comics, voiced by a delicious babe dedicated to a duck. Howard's reply would have pleased Camus. "I dunno... but I could sure use a good cigar."

At times we all wonder about a parallel universe, some wheeling cosmos spinning next to ours separated by only an eyelash and a few laws of physics. Howard comes from one of those nearby worlds, flung into our own when the starry nexus rippled for a moment and he was caught in the crack. His must have been a world much like our own, full of wisecracking, acerbic macho types who posture to cover up a soft core that melts for happy dogs and dizzy blondes. Howard makes his way through our world with aplomb, startled only by the occasional observation, such as Spiderman's "Hey! You're a talking duck!" But Howard is not one to let these things pass without comment. "You're not exactly Mr. Normal, either, y'know," he retorts to the webslinger.

Howard is most recently involved with a wasted trio of weakly bred socialites, one of whom is a Barbara Walters sound-alike incapable of articulating an "L." The duck is appalled by the immaturity he finds among them. After a horrific misadventure in which he appears as a circus comedian, the duck delivers himself of a typically stern lecture. "Listen close Iris, cause here's a lesson obviously never taught you: Actions have consequences. All you hairless apes seem so self-possessed, I'm not surprised it never occurred to you, but mess with people's lives—and fate eventually messes back! You'll get yours, Iris."

Steve Gerber, a Marvel Comics writer, created Howard the Duck half a decade ago in his Brooklyn apartment. He was 26 and full of creative frustrations after working as an advertising writer and then a spinner of "sword and sorcery" genre comic book tales. Gerber eventually got together with Frank Brunner, an artist, who also wanted to do comics that appealed to the mind as well as the mindless. They teamed up for a pair of Howard adventures based incongruously in Cleveland, and Stan Lee, Marvel's publisher, knew he had a winner. *Howard the Duck* Number One hit the presses with much fanfare and once on the streets promptly disappeared.

Among comic collectors *Howard the Duck* is already legend. Although on the market for barely two years, issue Number One, featuring the first animal super-hero since Mighty Mouse, commands a mint-condition price of \$15 (if you can find a willing seller). In the South and on the West Coast the price may ease some, but supplies are lower in those places. One archive near Atlanta would say only that *Howard the Duck* back numbers were in stock. They most certainly were not for sale. Another dealer said, "Yeah, I got some. But they're buried. They're going to stay buried." One enthusiast tried to explain the comic's intrinsic appeal as he displayed a rare issue. "The drawing and lettering are high quality. They assign their best



writers and artists to Howard." While he talked he handled the pages as one might examine a fragile medieval manuscript. "It's the kind of book that people who care about comics would do. You get the feeling as you read it that the people who put it together really like what they're doing." A clerk at Fantasy Land Books in Chamblee, Georgia, believed that Howard was appealing because "It has more realistic dialogue than other comics."

But not all collectors are so thoughtful. "I'm keeping it because the price is going up," announced one. A grandmother said that she had bought the entire series for her grandson, now four, "So that he would have something for college." She updates the investment each month at a neighborhood grocery.

Overstreet's authoritative *Comic Book Price Guide*, published annually, pegs mint quality copies at \$.75 for most numbers, excluding of course the very early ones. Yet that's more than twice the cover price for comic books only a year or two old. Few stocks or bonds have appreciated so much.

Despite *Howard the Duck*'s high flying collector's reputation, the Duck fell flat on his beak as a daily comic page figure. When Howard displaced Steve Canyon last year, in the Macon, Georgia, *Telegraph*, the readers howled. They protested so much that the editor had to respond with a piece defending his decision. "The comics page must keep up,"

he said in essence. The noble experiment was tried at almost the same time in Columbus, Georgia, as well. The Columbus *Ledger* made room for Howard and promptly felt heat from its readers. Howard endured for two months in Columbus, about three in Macon. A *Telegraph* staffer told the story of Howard's end. "We ran a survey to rank the comics by order of

preference. *Howard the Duck* came in last." Not only was Howard last, he was a distant last. "Folks just weren't ready for him here," sighed a newsman.

The college crowd that reads Howard is a varied one. To keep up with the Duck, it has to be. "Weirder out," complained a pre-med sophomore who had once read *HTD*. "I'll try again in a year or so. See what he's up to." On the other hand, a recent graduate in Political Science felt empathy. "I'm over-educated and can't find a job. So is Howard. He makes me laugh about it."

A self-educated polymath, Howard's a walking diatribe on social ills, but a commentator without a forum, an orator with no soapbox. His on-again-off-again affair with Ms. Switzler is an analogue for the mid-Seventies' uncertain view of affection. It hurts Howard when he thinks himself weak so he periodically shuns the attentions of those who love him and declares for rugged individualism. But he can't operate for long alone, he is by nature gregarious and concerned. These traits show up in his readers, the elements mixed in them in many ways. "People buy this one who don't read any other comics," says one bookseller. "They seem to be mostly college types."

As an anti-hero Howard has the appeal of one treated unjustly by life, a fiery soul down on his luck but determined to make his own comeback. And the women like him. Girls love him, want to mother him, want to make it with a duck. Because regardless of his intelligent bearing and smart mouth, Howard remains a duck. He never steps out of character. Once he was asked, "You rilly a duck? Lemme hear you quack." Howard takes the abuse in stride, the way we all learn to live with large noses or naturally curly hair.

Rumors drifting through the comic book underworld have it that Howard the Duck is dying, that it's a successful cult venture but a commercial failure. These rumors, in turn, spur speculative buying and Howard sales inch upward another month. The managers at Marvel Comics Group, Inc., in New York, Howard's publishers, are playing it close to the vest. Jim Shooter, consulting editor on *Howard the Duck*, said, "I know of no plans to end it," when asked about the rumors. But Gerber, Howard's creator, is gone and the new editor is Bill Mantlo. In the near future *Howard the Duck* will become a bi-monthly black and white publication, larger and more mature, they say.

Just so he sticks around for awhile longer.

Kent Murphy of Atlanta was advised two years ago to purchase all available copies of a new duck comic book. In the future he will take such suggestions seriously.

**"A FILM OF GREAT COURAGE AND
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— NEWSWEEK, Jack Kroll

**"BEST PICTURE OF THE
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"So real, you can feel it in your bones. DeNiro has accomplished an amazing characterization and the others make you see a world you've never known. Director Cimino has made a picture that resounds and echoes with a true American voice."

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"The Deer Hunter' has qualities that we almost never see any more—range and power and breadth of experience. What really counts is authenticity, which this movie has by the ton...An epic."

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"I hope that this blockbuster of a film wins the Academy Award for Best Picture of 1978. It fully deserves it."

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"An extremely ambitious and important film on a crucial theme. It demands to be measured against the classic uses of the screen to illustrate the way we live and die...A savagely strong piece of filmmaking, it is an earnest, serious and impressive work. 'The Deer Hunter' joins a thin company that aspire to greatness."

— LOS ANGELES TIMES, Charles Champlin

"The Deer Hunter' is the great American movie of 1978. It reaffirms that Robert De Niro is one of the finest actors of our day and it catapults Michael Cimino into the front ranks of our best young directors."

— HOLLYWOOD REPORTER, Arthur Knight

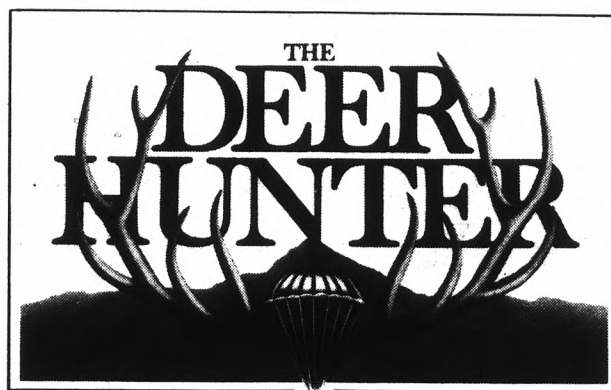
"An extraordinary new film — a shattering experience. 'The Deer Hunter' has affected me more profoundly than any film I have seen in years. From start to finish this three-hour film is made with consummate skill. Cimino joins his contemporaries Coppola and Scorsese as a major force in American filmmaking. Robert De Niro is superb. The most suspenseful, terrifying sequence of men at war ever committed to celluloid. The images are worthy of Goya. Even now Cimino may not realize that he has made the greatest anti-war movie since 'Grand Illusion.' It's thrilling to see ensemble playing of this quality in an American film. John Savage gives an electrifying performance. He captures naked, animal fear with more shocking intensity than I have ever seen on the screen."

— NEW WEST, Stephen Farber

"The Deer Hunter' places director Michael Cimino right at the center of film culture. The film dares to say that things have come down to life versus death, and it's time someone said this big and strong without fear."

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Music by STANLEY MYERS · Produced by BARRY SPIKINGS, MICHAEL DEELEY, MICHAEL CIMINO and JOHN PEVERALL · Director of Photography VILMOS ZSIGMOND, A.S.C.
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Nighttouch

A "nighttouch" is a disturbing message from the unconscious during a dream or nightmare. It is like hearing "a whistler in the graveyard"—frightening, yet enticing.

Nighttouch (St. Martin's, \$5.95) is also one of the finest and most bizarre literary anthologies of the year. Editors Gerry Goldberg, Stephen Storchuk, and Fred Corberr have arranged five chapters of terrifying prose, poetry, and pictures to correspond with the five stages of nightmare. In a typical nightmare, they tell us, a dreamer is plunged into an extremely threatening situation, is overwhelmed by dread, makes futile attempts to escape, is paralyzed by fear, and, at last, temporarily eludes the nightmare, awakening in a cold sweat.

Each chilling chapter is framed by quotations from Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Excerpts from the psychiatric writings of Freud and Jung, as well as quotations from the dark journals of H.P. Lovecraft, provide a cold-blooded apposite to each chapter. Science fiction and horror stories by Poe, Guy de Maupassant, Theodore Sturgeon and others, pull the reader into the realm of nightmare. The Rod Serling classic, "The Monsters Are Due on Maple Street," is appended with his closing narration from *The Twilight Zone*. Intelligence and taste are displayed in the selection of poetry by Philip Lamantia, Mark Strand, Ted Hughes, and Louise Bogan, to name a few. Black-and-white stills from *The Mole People*, *Un Chien Andalou* (yes, the razor and the eye), *Nosferatu*, *The Werewolf of London*, et al., provide the appropriate dark and foreboding atmosphere.

Kafka said "a book should serve as the axe for the frozen sea within us." *Nighttouch* is an axe in motion. For the unwilling reader, for those who close their eyes at horror movies, it is frightening, exhilarating, and only to be opened in broad daylight. For those who try to go back to sleep after a bad dream, this book should be kept on the night stand.

Richard Jones

More Rock Chronicles

If any conclusions are to be drawn from the plethora of rock histories that hit the bookstalls in the past year, the most obvious is that rock has hit middle age, firmly and squarely. By middle age, I mean that point at which rock is no longer underground, no longer open to a secret society, even if that society numbers in the millions.

The histories are everywhere, and cover everything, from volumes on punk to quickies on John Travolta, Shaun Cassidy and Peter Frampton. They range from the last word (*Rolling Stone's Illustrated History of Rock and Roll*) to the chronologically pretentious (Ritchie Yorke's *The History of Rock and Roll*). But just about the only history which ranks as seriously comprehensive—the only set which I would use as a reference work—is *The Illustrated Encyclopedias of Rock* by Nick Logan and Bob Wolfenden, *Jazz* by Brian Case and Stan Britt and *Country Music* by Fred Deller and Roy Thompson (Harmony Books, \$7.95 per volume).

Between these three lavishly illustrated, coffee-table-sized paperbacks, there are over 1500 separate entries, each neatly cross-referenced so that the progress of, say, John Cale, from Velvet Underground through Brian Eno, Nico, Patti Smith and Iggy Pop, can be followed without need for a scorecard. The books casually list items which can drive a writer mad in their elusiveness, like band members at different stages of a group's development and the all-important discography.

And, amazingly enough, the books read well. Rather than trying to maintain a distance throughout, the authors toss in the occasional point of view, a tendency which keeps the series from turning into a pile of academic mush.

If there is a failing in the *Encyclopedias*, it's also one of the series' strangest strengths—that the books, which are for the most part about American phenomena, are all written by Britishers. This leads to a tendency to speak glowingly of groups like P.F.M. and the Pink Fairies, while Elvis Presley gets much less space than Pink Floyd. The strength of the Britishers, though, is that England had come to appreciate the American underground long before we gringos, and this distance gives our rock, jazz and country scene a clean, fresh perspective.

Who else but a Limey, after all, would ever speak of a witless TV show like *Hee Haw* as "a surprisingly young television show filled with cornpone humor and . . . a lack of sophistication." Now that's what I call genuine understatement.

Merrill Shindler

Robots Everywhere

"The creative act of the human intelligence is but one in art or in science," Jakob Bronowski said that in 1956, expressing an idea that's currently in vogue. An especially copious amount of ink is getting spilled over the "structural fit" between technology and the humanities or arts. Onto this new and still rather untamed frontier come *Robots: Fiction and Prediction* by Jasja Reichardt (Penguin, \$8.95) and *The Robot Book* by Robert Malone (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95).

Ms. Reichardt's book, assembled with much imagination and evident love, can be called inclusive in its approach. Not satisfied to trace the concept of the robot back to the 1922 play *R.U.R.* by Karel Capek (which everyone usually does), she pursues it back to the moment when the Maker of Heaven and Earth became the first to operationalize a

man-shaped mechanism. She finds robotics in diverse fields of endeavor: magic, industrial design, charlatanry, religion, medicine, computer science, philosophy, alchemy. Her sources range from Descartes and the *Rig-Veda* to *Zombies of the Stratosphere* and Onoff the Wonder Robot, who peddles picture postcards of himself on a California street outside his home museum.

Reichardt's work is as addictive as—and only somewhat more organized than—the Wallace-Wallechinsky *Book of Lists*. The reader is already in its grip when page 11 reports Thomas Aquinas's alleged response to a public greeting from Albertus Magnus's robot. Displeased, the Learned Doctor of the Church smashed the offending automaton to bits. Interest is still high when on page 83 Reichardt stops to meditate on the lack of satisfying fictional love stories involving female humans and mechanical men.

The Robot Book is more straightforward in its presentation. Malone is less excitable than Reichardt and gives short shrift to, for example, the assertions of artificial-intelligence proponents. In his effort to set forth his material logically, he tends to lapse into *Psychology Today* language, e.g., "We have always turned to our artists for a clear picture of who we really are." While he will not win prizes for feverish invention, he does succeed in integrating a good deal of material from popular culture with technological information. For a high-school textbook, Malone's book would be excellent; for restless grownups, Reichardt is the choice.

Naomi Lindstrom

The Jazz Writer

James Collier has written a serious, readable book explaining *The Making of Jazz* (Houghton-Mifflin, \$20.00) in terms of social traditions and instrumentation, musical conventions and individual phrasing. Full of statements like "It's doubtful Blind Lemon Jefferson ever sang a major third in his career," the book explains musical concepts without being boring or overly academic. His biographical research, although secondary, is excellent, with photos I've never seen. Collier also poses intriguing speculations about jazz's ethnomusicological development, but so easily read. A must for the serious jazz DJ or listener, the book, in paperback, should become the standard text for college jazz surveys.

The book is not without faults, the least of which is continued reference to an English fusion guitarist, "John McGlaughlin." For the most part Collier's research and thinking ended five years ago. He writes off fusion too easily. No mention is made of Anthony Braxton, the Art Ensemble of Chicago or other members of Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. Keith Jarrett is mentioned in passing as a protégé of Bill Evans. Trad jazz pianist Art Hodes, an

important figure in the Dixieland Revival Collier otherwise covers so well, goes unmentioned, as does the magazine he edited, *The Jazz Record*.

These are relatively minor points against the 498 pages that cover jazz, pre-jazz and African music so well. Collier, a musician himself, is to be applauded.

Dave Helland

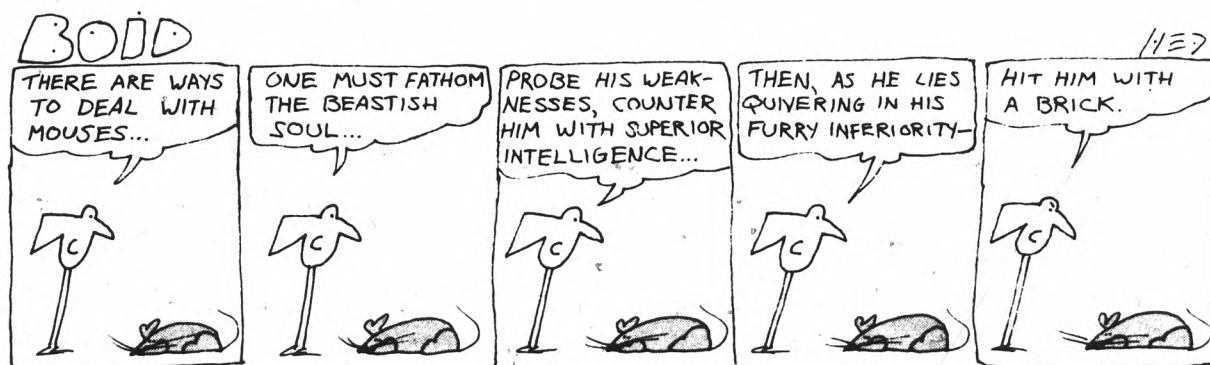
Chivalry Is Still Dead

Thomas Berger's latest, *Arthur Rex, A Legendary Novel* (Delacorte, \$10.95), is a 500-page joke in search of a punchline. Berger, an outstanding prose technician, has more than once had problems with his books' themes and concepts, but the muddle he has made of *Arthur Rex* shows a real crisis of direction in the writer's career. What has worked most strongly for Berger at his best (*Little Big Man*, *Vital Parts*, *Sneaky People*) is a mournful yet incisive irony, delivered with genuine skill and rendering him, in the school of humanistic cynicism, as a sort of thinking man's Kurt Vonnegut. Unfortunately, Berger's sorrowful passion has too often turned sour, his sense of pathos surrendered to a maudlin and contrived prose style.

An attempt to "do" the Arthurian legend as Berger has "done" the Old West (with real success) in *Little Big Man*, *Arthur Rex* includes all the major figures of the original epic *Morte d'Arthur*, which Berger is said to have treasured since early childhood. One can sympathize with his desire to make these giants of fiction—King Arthur, Merlin, Lancelot, the Lady of the Lake, et al.—real to today's reader. The problem is they were never real to begin with, serving instead as distinctly two-dimensional embodiments of the chivalric ideal. Berger's attempt to bring a psychological depth to these cipher-like characters is at best a misconception and at worst a ludicrous disservice to the entire genre of heroic myth. While the Arthurian age offers a wealth of quaintness in language and custom, to which Berger, sometimes quite entertainingly, employs his frolicsome word play, *Arthur Rex* broadly misses the point in its unwillingness to address chivalry and all its attendant virtues and foibles on their own terms.

Berger spends a lot of this overwrought book working in clever, if not exactly diverting, ribaldry and clamour, but to very little meaningful effect. It is funny in an oddly condescending way, which is finally not very funny. With *Arthur Rex*, Thomas Berger has created the literary equivalent of that recent duo of *Three Musketeers* costume comedy films of director Richard Lester: heavy on atmosphere and casting but ultimately soft at the center, it burns itself out from a sheer weight of preciousness.

Davin Seay



1979 Michael Ward

Time After Wells

*Into the Time Machine Again,
With Malcolm McDowell as H.G. Wells*

BY BYRON LAURSEN

Throwing a well-known historical figure into fictional drama is tricky business. Grumblers may pounce on anything less than a mimic's performance. But, luckily for the makers of *Time After Time*, a fantasy film that sends H.G. Wells chasing Jack the Ripper across epochs, most people know precious little about Herbert George Wells, the Victorian Englishman who concocted some forty novels, a raft of Socialist pamphlets and two histories of the world while generating a new field of literature called Science Fiction.

British actor Malcolm McDowell, charged with playing the bristling author of *War of the Worlds*, *The Time Machine*, et al., tries, on one of the last days of filming, to explain his role's perplexity. We're seated in a cream-and-brown Winnebago parked alongside studio 27A in Warner Brothers' Burbank lot. Not far away there stands a part-block of replicated Victorian London storefronts. "Well, there's always that element—," he begins hopefully, "you are what you are, in a way, except you use—" McDowell stops to laugh. "That doesn't make any sense at all."

"It's impossible to talk about the character because I don't even want to dissect it. I think one has to play the script, really. One is bound by the script, ultimately. Research may make you feel a little better, but when you come to do the role, it's always different. It's amazing, innit? I don't usually have a clue in my head as to what the hell I'm gonna do."

Satisfied, he relaxes back into the Winnebago's passenger seat, looking every inch an earnest scholar-author from Britain's past, as convincingly as he once became Alex, malice incarnate in Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. Or the opportunistic smart alecks of *If...* and *O Lucky Man*. Or the bumbling swashbuckler of *Royal Flash*.

"I'm very untrained as an actor," McDowell says. "I don't have any formal training whatsoever and, you know, it's all hit and miss with me, really." If his career also seems hit and miss, it's simply because several of his nine previous films are unfamiliar to American audiences (like *Aces High*, *Long Ago Tomorrow*, *Figures in a Landscape*).

Born in Yorkshire, "which is the Texas of England" in 1943, McDowell came to Liverpool with his family at the age of six and lived there till, at twenty, he set off on a theatrical career. And yes, he was there the same time as John, Paul, George and Ringo. "The Silver Beatles they were called then. When I knew them they were the biggest group on Merseyside. Saw them several times at the Cavern."

McDowell was a coffee salesman—just like his character in *O Lucky Man*—until he was offered a job in a repertory theatre on the Isle of Wight, but claims "I played the best parts I ever played as an actor before I was a professional. In school I played all the great Shakespearean roles... Cassius, Petrucchio... Thespe... God, endless parts. I like going back to the stage, now and again."

Although he admitted that "it's partly true" that British actors use film to finance their stage careers, "I don't do that myself. But I think British actors are snobbish about films, which is very unnecessary. I think it's because they're not very good at it. See, there's no real tradition of film in England like there is in Hollywood and America, or even like there is in Italy and France. I think British actors tend to look down on film, you know, as being rather inferior to the stage, which is ridiculous."

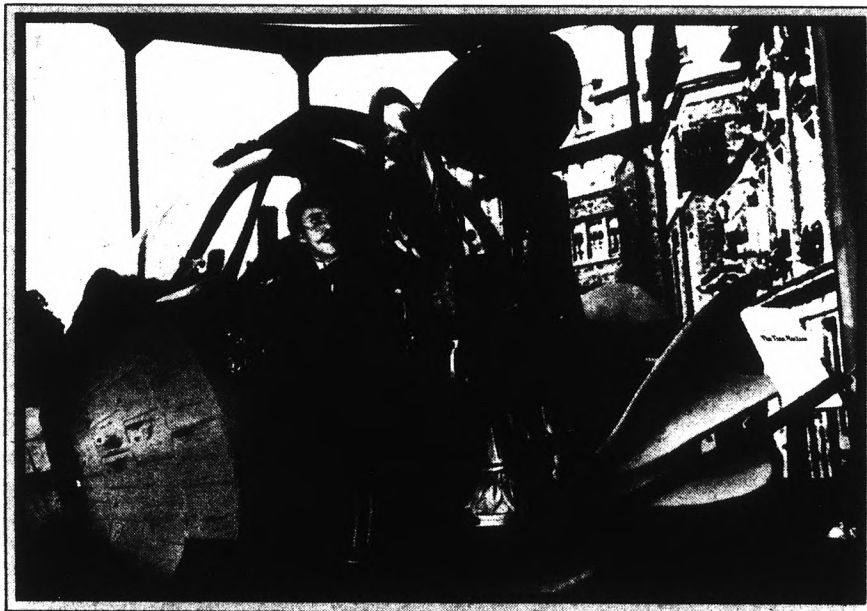
So McDowell is in Hollywood, practicing what he preaches, bound by a script written by the film's director, Nicholas Meyer, after reading Karl Alexander's as-yet-unpublished novel, *The Time Travelers*. Meyer himself wrote *The Seven Per Cent Solution*, in which Sigmund Freud shook hands with Sherlock Holmes. Alexander was inspired by Meyer's success—they were classmates in the University of Iowa's writing program—and the storytelling possibilities opened up by the commingling of historical characters.

As Meyer describes *Time After Time*, "It's one of those nice stories in which the implications are all organically based. You don't have to do anything. Put 'em in front of the camera and you've done it. You don't have to reach for it."

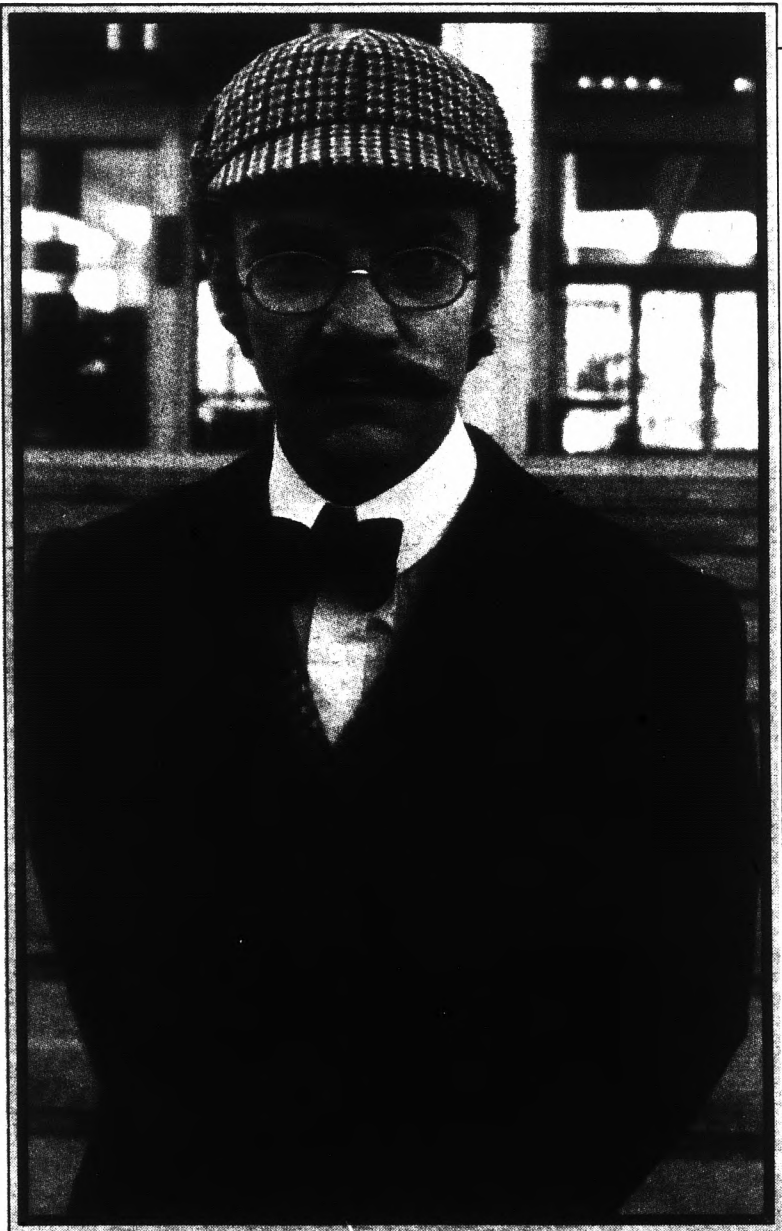
The story starts in 1893, with Wells showing off his freshly-invented time machine to a group of friends. Suddenly, police arrive. Dr. Stevenson, Wells' friend and chess partner, it turns out, is actually Jack the Ripper. But Stevenson—played by David Warner—stays a step ahead, escaping to San Francisco and 1979 in the machine. Wells follows and the rest of the picture is a combination of manhunt, crime thriller and philosophical clash. Wells is pictured as an incurable optimist who believes the future must be Utopia, while Jack the Ripper represents a view of human nature as "imperfectible, chained to itself forever."

Meyer, young and dark-haired, crosses the Warner lot like a diminutive fullback, the stocky, close-to-the-ground type fans used to call a "grass clipper." A reporter and a publicist come along like blockers hard pressed to keep the runner's pace. Meyer jokes about the relative size of his little piece of Victorian real estate and Steven Spielberg's huge street for 1941, claims that the station wagon rolling slowly by is there to tell him the time of day on request, and demands, through a cigar-stuffed mouth, "Do you believe that?"

Meyer came out to Hollywood in 1971 knowing no one. His quickness, no doubt, won him a job as publicist for *Love Story*, which he parlayed into the writing of a couple of TV movies—one of which concerned the night Orson Welles sprang his radio version of H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds* on America.



McDowell as Wells in the time machine (top left), hailing a cab (bottom middle) and with co-star Mary Steenburgen (lower left) with his mouth uncharacteristically shut.



We come to rest on a couch, part of the on-screen living room furniture of Amy Robbins (played by Mary Steenburgen), with whom Wells falls in love in San Francisco. "I read some of Wells' books in the course of my growing up. But as far as deep study," Meyer bites the cigar and focuses on his interviewer, "I'm sure you know more about him than I do. Because Wells was not really terribly important for me other than for what I wanted him to be for the story. Which was . . . he wrote a book called *The Outline of History* and I used it as the Outline of Wells. It deals in certain superficial resemblances. That he was a Fabian Socialist, that he was something of a Casanova, schoolteacher, journalist, those things are all implied or stated. Also, he looks right. The guy I got to play him looks very much like the young H.G. Wells. Beyond that, research was not really important for the story."

Adjacent to the apartment set, crew members in the largest part of the studio are readying for shots of the Argo, the time machine built for the movie. An eighth acre of black cloth is suspended from floor to ceiling and the machine sits in front of it on a pivoting pedestal. Something of a junkyard sculpture, the Argo looks like a shortened version of the Nautilus from Walt Disney's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, with a Jacob's Ladder on the nose to arc sparks while the contraption submarines its way through the plasma of time.

I ask Meyer if *Time After Time* will be as playful as the punning title and carnival-style time machine indicate.

"Well, if it's play, it's serious play," he says. He seems faintly angry, like he seemed earlier when I compared the Argo to a Rock-O-Plane car. "The movie really runs along. It's several things and certainly one of the things is comic. But, in contrast to the comedic elements, it is also ironic. An ironic fable. And I think, finally, a bitter fable because he sees the future and it doesn't work. We've regressed, we haven't gone forward. He views our customs, our mores, our values with the lucid eye of Victorian rationalism. And the Victorian world wasn't all that wonderful either. But I can get my rocks off about everything I don't like in the twentieth century, which is much."

Wells lived until 1945, far enough into the current century to write a last opus entitled *The Mind at the End of Its Tether*. He was more scathing of progress than even Nicholas Meyer. As a student of Thomas Huxley's, himself a collaborator with Charles Darwin, Wells came to see mankind as just another biological species, subject to the laws of evolution and needing to undergo successful adaptive changes. *The Time Machine*, wherein future generations divide into groups of effete wimps and cannibalistic beasts, is really a story of retrograde evolution. An epilogue added to one of the later editions said of the story's narrator, "He . . . thought but cheerlessly of the Advancement of Mankind, and saw in the growing pile of civilization only a foolish heaping that must inevitably fall back upon and destroy its makers in the end."

Wells was obsessed not so much with the future or the eventual perfection of mankind as the re-adjustment of the social order. He loathed Capitalism ("traditional usage . . . uncontrolled acquisitive energy . . . perverted opportunities") and Marxism ("in no sense creative or curative . . . enfeebling") about equally. He differed frequently with his friends among the Fabian Socialists, finding their thinking "outdated." Wells wanted to make a practically applicable science out of history and sociology, an empirical tool for straightening the messes, kinks and collisions of the human condition.

"He's rather a simple man in many ways," McDowell says later. "He adapts very quickly and that's what I've tried to do. In Victorian England, where we start the picture, he's really very much at home, obviously. He's in his own house and he has this great secret to tell his contemporaries. He unveils to them that he's built this time machine. And so when he gets to contemporary San Francisco, it's really that he's very inquisitive about everything, not that he's repelled by it. I suppose that comes from the sort of amateur scientist in him."

"Nick has done a very good script, because it's a multi-leveled script written in a way that's a bit naive . . . I mean that in the best sense. Because for any man to say that within three generations men will live like brothers is just crap, really. I mean, it's an optimistic viewpoint. My own particular viewpoint would be that we'll be lucky if we're all here in three generations."

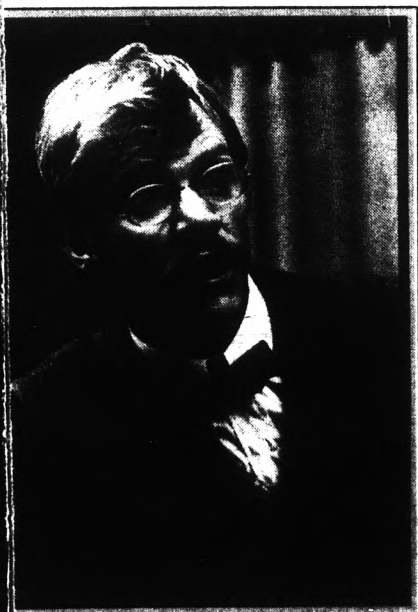
Back on the set, Mary Steenburgen is padding about her movie apartment in shaggy pink slippers. Her dark hair is drawn back and she wears a man-style sports jacket over a body so delicate and pretty it seems made of porcelain. "The fact that after three months nobody on the crew can say my name doesn't bother me at all," she says, flashing a smile. Soon all is ready for a scene in which McDowell explains why he won't buy a gun, even with Jack the Ripper on the loose. To underline his point he jabs an umbrella into an umbrella stand, but it misses. Still on camera, he picks up the umbrella and tries once more, missing again.

"Who put the umbrella on elastic?" he demands. The crew breaks up, except for one man with a clipboard.

"We're laughing our way into Friday," says doleful Mr. Clipboard.

McDowell and Steenburgen retire to the Winnebago to discuss problems with the scene and, eventually, knuckles rap on the aluminum door. A stage hand sticks his head in and says, "We didn't get your bowtie in the shot."

"What a shame," McDowell says, gathering himself to leave for a re-take. "I was hoping for a close-up of the bowtie."



-star Mary Steenburgen (lower right). Director

On Screen



THE DEER HUNTER, starring Robert De Niro, John Cazale, John Savage, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep; written by Deric Washburn; story by Michael Cimino & Washburn and Louis Garfinkle & Quinn K. Redeker; directed by Cimino.

In many ways this is yet another American buddy movie, full of inarticulate but sensitive slob who backslap and drink a lot, but what distinguishes *The Deer Hunter* from the rest of the motley pack is the intensity of emotions, underplayed but understood, provided by a flawless cast. I think the Academy should cancel its annual awards celebration this year and just send all pertinent Oscars to *The Deer Hunter's* creators. De Niro and Walken, in particular, are awesome in what they bring to their basically underwritten roles.

The film is about friendship and survival and the relationship of the two at home and at war. Three Pennsylvania steel workers—De Niro, Savage and Walken—enlist in the Army in 1968; before leaving Savage is married and the others, with pals Cazale, George Dzundza and Chuck Aspergren, go off on one last deer hunt. The wedding and reception, in full Russian-immigrant splendor, take up about 45 wonderful minutes, during which Walken proposes to Streep, she accepts, and De Niro casts some intense glances at her. In fact, the looks De Niro directs at Streep are more longing, sexy and sweet than many an explicit love scene.

The deer hunt is a bit heavy-handed in its symbolism: the church choir from the wedding, no less, booms away in "heaven" as De Niro stalks his buck and makes his one-shot kill; apparently Cimino wanted to make sure we understood that the hunt is An Allegory. There are other jarring or frustrating moments, as when De Niro, home from Viet Nam, mentions a wound that is never explained; Savage's wife is a speechless zombie in one scene, normal in her next. But these are small carps for a film that is warm and loving and utterly terrifying. The contrast—and connection—between home and distant war is so disturbing I marvel at how returning vets ever adjust, even the strong, silent self-reliant ones like De Niro's character, who almost single-handedly rescues himself and his two friends from a numbingly frightening Russian roulette game staged by their Cong captors.

The final scene, which usually sends audi-

ences out of the theatre in silent introspection, was at first distressing; I couldn't imagine people attending the funeral of a dear friend killed in Viet Nam and then sitting down around a table singing "God Bless America." But there is no irony or bitterness implied, just sadness and the support of surviving friends; they never questioned the war before they went, and perhaps they never will, even though the terrible physical and emotional effects will linger with them always.

By the end of this three-hour (but never dragging) masterpiece I cared about these people as if I'd grown up with them; I sometimes catch myself wondering how they're doing, and I have to remind myself that it's only a movie.

Judith Sims

KING OF THE GYPSIES, starring Eric Roberts, Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters and Brooke Shields; written and directed by Frank Pierson.

Here he is again: that street-wise, dark-haired, lusty, excitable, charming Eastern city boy—full of his subculture's passionate, life-loving ways, but seething and finally exploding with inarticulate rage at the stupid cruelty of almost everyone else around him. You loved him in *The Godfather*, *Mean Streets*, *Saturday Night Fever*, and *Bloodbrothers*—at least *somebody* did—so no wonder he's back. Only, for variety's sake, he's not Italian this time. He's a gypsy, played by the heralded new actor Eric Roberts, who looks, sounds and pounds his fist against the wall pretty much like all the other heralded new actors of this star-hatching genre.

The gypsy angle is about the only thing that distinguishes this movie from others of its kind—except for its inferiority to the rest. *Gypsies* is nothing more than a sort of poor ethnic joke. Someone could and maybe

someday will make a film that conveys the alternating color, darkness and humor of America's gypsies, who contemptuously hang onto their customs and delight in spitting on the 20th Century.

But Frank Pierson made *this* film. There was once some hope that his career would bloom into something interesting—though he directed the last *A Star Is Born* and committed other minor crimes, he *had* previously scripted *Dog Day Afternoon*. *Gypsies*, though, crushes any hope for him; it was made with slick, cold calculation and little else. The plot was "suggested by" the 1974 non-fiction book of the same title by Peter Maas (*Serpico*, *The Valachi Papers*). The characters and events have been changed, omitted, added, romanticized and hyped-up to fit the *Godfatherish* mold.

The film's Dave Stepanowicz (Roberts' part) possesses all the good qualities of Steve Tene (the book's protagonist) and few of his faults. The fact that our hero in the book financed most of his teenage years by being a homosexual prostitute somehow gets left out. Wonder why? He remains, though, the reluctant chosen heir to his grandfather's "royal" title, still in conflict with his brutish father over rights to that honor, with vague ambitions about leading his people from larceny to learning.

It's all only mildly ludicrous until the film's climactic convulsions. The events in the book were unresolved, so Pierson wraps things up with the bloody deaths of two characters. Both scenes are stunningly crass. One copies the *Mean Streets* car crash scene almost shot-for-shot, the other unnecessarily has our hero made to look like a cold-blooded murderer (they could have at least given the other guy a gun). "It's almost his time," the ads say. Oh great.

Terry Atkinson



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SUPERMAN, with Christopher Reeve, Gene Hackman, Marlon Brando, Margot Kidder; written by Mario Puzo, Leslie Newman, David Newman & Robert Benton; directed by Richard Donner.

Four years and \$45 million since producers Alexander and Ilya Salkind announced they would make an epic movie about Superman, the film has flown into theatres across America. The ads say "you'll believe a man can fly," which curiously is beside the point in this sweet, almost ingenuous film about the world's favorite super-hero. If you go expecting another dazzling special effects movie on the order of *2001*, *Star Wars* or *Close Encounter of the Third Kind*, you'll be dreadfully disappointed. However, if you go expecting throw-away sophisticated acting, a lovely romance and a little high adventure, *Superman* can do no wrong.

The film's major saving grace is 25-year-old Reeve. Good looking, athletic, he also possesses a charm and sweetness that can't be faked. He plays Superman very straight-ahead and with enough subtle grace to make him believable. Unlike the comic books on which this movie is based, what makes our screen Superman work is his ability to relate to the world—and the people around him, most notably Lois Lane, played by Margot Kidder.

Reeve and Kidder have an on-screen rapport that's quite remarkable and their scenes together, although in this part-one of the two-part movie saga quite chaste, are oddly romantic.

Where *Superman* gets grounded is in building to a viable dramatic climax. It's as if the filmmakers were so intent on making two separate films (the next to be released in '79), they had no idea how to finish this initial venture. And the sequences from the planet Krypton to earth never quite mesh in style. When we're on Krypton the attitude is pure fantasy; when we come down to earth, Donner and company try for realism, a mish-mashing of styles that's quite distracting. The best way to watch *Superman* is simply to give yourself over to the flight of fancy and come in for an easy landing.

And oh yes, Brando is in this film as Superman's daddy, although he's hardly worth the marquee value of the \$4.5 million he received for 12 days work. He is, however, his usual accomplished Super-self.

Jacoba Atlas

MOVIE, MOVIE, starring George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere; written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller; produced & directed by Stanley Donen.

A woman in one of James Thurber's short stories scalded her hand on purpose, just to see if the salve she'd bought at the county fair was any good. It was only so-so.

Movie, Movie, a two-segment burlesque of Thirties films, aims to be funny by being awful on purpose. It's only a little bit funny.

Part one, "Dynamite Hands," takes a delivery boy into the fight racket in order to pay for his sister's needed eye operation. He's sidetracked by a blonde floozie and duped by a crooked manager, but he wins in the end, thanks to a trueheart girlfriend, a loyal family and his gruff but lovable first manager. Part two, "Baxter's Beauties of 1933," traces the birth of a Broadway hit, the last one for dying producer Spats Baxter, whose daughter, away at school so long neither she nor her father know each other, takes over the lead role after the bitch who was to star breaks a leg on opening night. Spats fades right after closing curtain on their triumphant opening night, of course, saying, "One minute you're in the wings, the next minute you're wearing them."

Perhaps the affectionate stance of its

humor is what limits *Movie, Movie* to being a cute failure, because every joke is harmless and yawns outpace laughs by three to one. As a project, it seems to have been lots more fun for its creators than it is for its audience. Writers Larry Gelbart (*Oh, God*) and Sheldon Keller (*Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell*) enjoy most of the giggles themselves. Accomplished wiseguys, clever to a fault, they turn their take-off into a jerk-off, mixing and over-extending metaphors as if they believe groans are better than laughs. But their supply of comic effects goes no farther than warm-hearted exaggeration. When writers want to draw laughs from the obvious—and *Movie, Movie* is an exercise in inevitability—they should bring more than just the obvious into play. Marshall McLuhan aside, the message is something bigger than the medium.

Director Donen has musical and light romance credits going back to *Singing in the Rain* and *Charade*. His camera movement is *Movie, Movie*'s best source of momentum. And nearly all the actors, young and old, are praiseworthy in their hammy-beyond-belief roles. It's the concept that stinks.

Byron Laursen

MOMENT BY MOMENT, with John Travolta & Lily Tomlin. Written & directed by Jane Wagner.

It's dangerous calling any film "the worst movie ever made" because someone can always come up with an alternative disaster, but *Moment by Moment* is surely one of the worst films ever made, filled with lofty pretensions and feeble-minded literalness. It's a perfect example of the lack of creative leadership in Hollywood. The movie looked good on paper, teaming John Travolta, America's hottest sex symbol, with Lily Tomlin, America's hottest comedienne, in a trendy older woman-younger man romance set in the glittery world of Beverly Hills. But somewhere between signing the contracts and shooting the movie, everything went wrong.

Writer-director Wagner (Tomlin's good friend and a co-creator of the Tomlin style) has not bothered to write believable characters in a realistic setting. Lily is supposed to play a rich, bored matron who has a fling with a slightly dangerous street kid, Travolta. It's an okay notion, especially since the creators wanted to deal with the very interesting issue of role reversal, where it's the man who's needy, romantic and anxious for love, while the woman is cautious, realistic and anxious for sex. But Wagner, a screen novice, simply isn't up to the task. Lily's character is so superficial she'd be thrown out of Gucci's and John's about as dangerous as Perrier water, although to be fair, the sheer power of Travolta's screen presence at least makes us care about him.

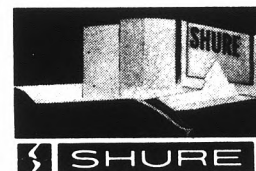
Lily is all wrong; she is simply too hostile, too cold to make us believe her character; she is a performer without passion, so her desperate sexual need for Travolta becomes a laughing matter. I watched the love scenes embarrassed for the actors, and it's ultimately this lack of sensuality that kills *Moment by Moment*. The movie needs to be the screen equivalent of Anais Nin's *Delta of Venus*—a women's point of view of erotica, a movie about how women perceive raw passion, unencumbered by sex and romantic love. But Wagner and Tomlin don't seem to know very much about that aspect of life; at least they don't know how to put it on screen. There's a great deal of Travolta flexing his muscle and offering his body, and a great deal of Tomlin-reaching out to take what's offered, but very little desire. I hope Travolta fares better in his next movie, *American Gigolo*, and I also wish Tomlin and Wagner better luck with their next film, appropriately titled, *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*.

Jacoba Atlas

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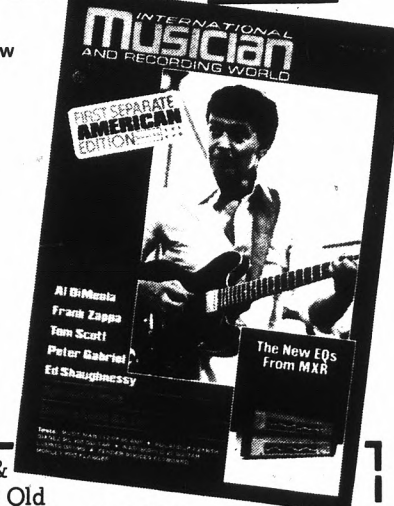
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This is Debbi Morgan



BY DAVIN SEAY

The producers and directors responsible for the second television installment of Alex Haley's outrageously successful genealogy, *Roots*, saw something not immediately apparent in the cherubic allure of Debbi Morgan, a twenty-two-year-old native of Dunn, South Carolina. In *Roots: The Next Generation*, scheduled to air Feb. 18th through the 25th on ABC, Debbi will portray Haley's Great Aunt Elizabeth, one of the two family elders who passed the saga down to the young writer. She is the only actress in the fourteen-hour-long mini-series to play her character from beginning to end, ages eighteen to seventy-five, a remarkable achievement if only because of Debbi's startlingly youthful good looks.

"I grew up around a lot of older women as a girl in the country," Debbi answers, responding to the question of how she prepared to play a seventy-five-year-old woman. "I knew how they spoke, how they walked, the dignity that they have." Aside from that, she allows, there was really very little time to research the part, as "I didn't know I would be playing Elizabeth's whole life when the filming started. They just kept feeding me the script as I went along. Actually," she recalls, "playing the old woman was a lot easier than the middle-aged period. To be forty-five you can't depend nearly as much on makeup and stylized movements." The casting decision apparently was as spontaneous and instinctive as Debbi's grasp of the character.

Stan Margulies, producer of both the original *Roots* epic and *Roots II* remarked: "In doing this project we were faced with a variety of characters who would age; not all these parts were central, yet certainly much of our casting search entailed finding actors who would age well. The part of Elizabeth is a vital one to the story, with the most important periods of her life being at a young age, 17 and 18. Her biggest impact was as a young woman. Debbi was far and away the best actress who read for the role, she is a hell of a performer, and when we discovered how well she adjusted physically to becoming an older person, it was an added bonus we never expected."

The network powers-that-be have pinned heady hopes on Debbi resulting in this auspicious and, by all accounts, plum assignment, as well as a development deal with Warner Bros. Television for a pilot and possible series. Very few young actresses inspire such generous confidence.

A former protegee of the Negro Ensemble Company and the New Federal Theatre workshop, Debbi has logged a respectable number of hours in numerous Off-Broadway productions, including the Joseph Papp staging of *What the Wineseller Buys*, which wound up on Broadway and later as a roadshow with Debbi in the lead role. Other credits include a bit part in the exploitation extravaganza *Mandingo* and a starring spot in something called *The Monkey Hustle*, an abortive attempt to ride the *Cooler High* bandwagon. A bit of TV work followed a move from New York to Los Angeles, but nothing in her career seems to have portended the truly complex demands and obvious creative rewards of playing Elizabeth in *Roots II*.

Although she admits a part like Elizabeth may come but once in an actress's career, Debbi sees in the character a certain sadness mixed with the woman's pride and purpose that gives the budding performer pause. "Elizabeth never marries, and the reasons behind that are really tragic. She was denied the chances in life she deserved, and although she was a strong and powerful figure in the family, there was a great deal missing from her life. I'd like a chance to play someone who has really lived, who hasn't been cheated by circumstances." Age qualifications certainly won't stand in her way. &

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JOAN ARMATRADING

To the Limit (A&M)

Armatrading's past four albums have garnered considerable critical acclaim and laid the foundation for her growing cult of admirers, but none carried the punch and accessibility of *To the Limit*.

Producer Glyn Johns provides *Limit* with a lean, unimposing tenor, leaving Armatrading free to play her music without excess backing or distractions. What develops is a potpourri blending the best of Armatrading's widespread musings—from ballads to scat to straight-ahead rock.

One of the major blocks in this English (nee West Indian) musician's career has been her unusual vocal and rhythmic stylisms. On *Limit*, it appears that Armatrading's presentation has solidified; the result is music so infectious that it has to sound natural.

Like her last two albums, *To the Limit* will probably show up on many of the "best of the year" charts in major music publications. Before then, it should make a well-deserved appearance in your record collection.

Glenn Abel

HECTOR BERLIOZ

Royal Hunt and Storm from *Les Troyens* and Suite from *Romeo et Juliette*, Second Part: Orchestre de Paris, Daniel Barenboim, conductor (Columbia)

Berlioz is a difficult composer to conduct. His music is the very quintessence of romanticism, lush to the point of being overripe, full of snares for the self-indulgent conductor or orchestra. Linger too long on one passage and Berlioz becomes bathetic; play him a shade too loud and he becomes bombastic. But perform his music with restraint, eschewing excess, and it can be vastly rewarding.

Sometime pianist Daniel Barenboim continues his exploration of the orchestra repertoire with just enough reserve, holding back when others rush forward. He conducts in a style reminiscent of that most controlled of Englishmen, Sir Thomas Beecham, whose Berlioz a generation ago was the model for everyone. Highly commended.

Ed Cray

CINDY BULLENS

Desire Wire (United Artists)

Cindy Bullens has sung backup for Elton John, done studio work with Bob Crewe, and may have been on the Rolling Thunder tour with Dylan. Since I didn't know this, I viewed yet another album with a mean-looking female with an electric guitar in her hands as more exploitation, but decided to listen to it anyway. And, underneath a brutal sludge of overproduction, I heard a pretty talented singer/songwriter.

Working in a fairly standard rock mode, Cindy Bullens writes good, clean, hard-rocking songs with catchy hooks and okay lyrics. Occasionally, as in "High School History," the lyrics even stand out, but more often, as on "Survivor," it's the melody that works best. Unfortunately, decoding this information from the layers of overdubbing Tony Bongiovi and Lance Quinn have poured on her basic tracks isn't easy, and I'd recommend seeing her in person over buying the record, on the hunch that she's probably got an equally mean rock and roll band, and on the certainty that no stage I've ever seen can hold as many people as play on *Desire Wire*.

Ed Ward

JOHNNY CASH

Gone Girl (Columbia)

God bless John Cash. In his own quirky way, he's keeping country music honest. Given a choice between several trends, as any country performer always is, he seems to pick the one that hews closest to tradition. He rarely puts out albums of stone genius (although he sometimes does), but he almost always puts out good ones, and *Gone Girl* is one of the better good ones.

The trend he's chosen this time is the one exemplified by "Cowboy" Jack Clement, an old pard from the Sun label days, who just put out an exceptionally quiet and peaceful album on Elektra that is characterized by a loping, insistent beat, kind songs, and minimal production. That gives us such goodies here as the title, "It'll Be Her" and "A Song for the Life," a Rodney Crowell tune that shows up yet another thing I love about Cash, his ear for young writers. The crazy side we hear on an amped-up version of "No Expectations" that works against all odds. And, of course, there's the clunker side, with "The Diplomat," yet another overly-sentimental song about old men and trains.

I'd even go so far as to say that you don't have to be a country fan any more to like John Cash—he's got most of the singer/songwriters beat in terms of material and delivery, and he's got enough roots that you feel it when he sings it.

Ed Ward

STEVE FORBERT

Alive on Arrival (Nemperor)

Steve Forbert looks real young on his album cover, like a kid from the sticks on his first meeting with a big city. Which, apparently from his lyrics, he is; but he sings like an old bum from Tom Waits country, only smoother, smooth as hell, and his lyrics betray maturity and wisdom way beyond his naive appearance. With the expected Gibson acoustic and harmonica in hand (he plays both very well), this 23-year-old from Meridian, Mississippi, has written some killer songs on this folkie debut.

Like the debut album from Aztec Two Step, Forbert combines sardonic wit with concise vision in songs like "Thinkin'" and "Big City Cat," while, like Bruce Springsteen, he combines a keen street awareness and rich lyricism in "Steve Forbert's Midsummer Night's Toast," "Goin' Down to Laurel" and "Grand Central Station, March 18, 1977." The outstanding centerpiece for the album is the ballad "It Isn't Going to Be That Way," where he dumps all his wisdom out in a perfectly believable "I know what it's like, kid..." tone. Maybe he has seen it all, but the difference between him and someone like Tom Waits is that Waits is world weary and dwells on the seamy American underside, while Forbert has seen it all and has come away undisillusioned, the Billy Budd of rock. He is an irresistible hero, and I found myself wanting him to be okay at the end of the album. And in the end he is okay, too, so I breathed a sigh of relief that he's made it in the big city. Then I thought of the future and hoped he doesn't end up in John Prine's society of real good writers who can't quite



n disc

make themselves noticed by the public. Forbert, like Prine, deserves better.

Gilbert Asakawa

GRATEFUL DEAD

Shakedown Street (Arista)

It's too bad. Last year's *Terrapin Station*, a flawed but generally satisfying effort, seemed to point a new direction for America's oldest dinosaur band. Produced by Keith Olsen, the group's first outside producer in over a dozen albums, that LP at least attempted to correct some of the flaws that have been plaguing the Dead since their first Acid Test: ragged vocals, endless guitar doodling and catch-as-catch-can arrangements. Olsen, whose work on Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* made him an exemplary choice to bring the band to a wider audience, managed in the main to keep songs under eight minutes' duration and off-key struggles to a minimum.

That was last year. *Shakedown Street*, a truly abysmal album, demonstrates several new and seemingly insurmountable problems to replace the old ones. Little Feat's Lowell George, listed as producer, appears to have been asleep for much of the proceedings. The somnambulant quality of *Shakedown Street* seems to suggest that the Dead may have finally run out of steam. Aside from a horrendous selection of completely forgettable tunes, this album suffers overmuch from Bob Weir's God's-gift-to-women vocal style and a desperate reliance on the group's once

famous double drummer sound. But what hurts more than the mangling of the Rascals' classic "Good Lovin'," which opens this Dead on Arrival collection, is that the reworking of "New, New Mingwood Blues" is cut to ribbons by the original version from their first album. The Grateful Dead, with *Shakedown Street*, are marching boldly into a past they can no longer even find.

Davin Seay

PAUL HINDEMITH

Concerto for Trumpet, Bassoon, and String Orchestra: Mario Guarneri, trumpet; David Breidenthal, bassoon; Los Angeles Group for Contemporary Music, William Kraft, conductor (*Crystal*)

The passage of 20 or 30 years has transformed the once impossibly avant-garde Hindemith into a composer both witty and accessible, one not all that way out, after all. Or maybe it is the playing of people such as Guarneri, Breidenthal and their Los Angeles Philharmonic colleagues, who make it all seem so—there are a lot of Hindemith records which still sound like knotted perplexities not worth the effort.

The performances here, and especially Breidenthal, in Paul Chihara's evocative "The Beauty of the Rose Is in Its Passing" on the flip side, are engaging examples of small ensemble playing. This record has all the earmarks of a much-loved, much-rehearsed project.

Ed Cray

JOE "KING" AND EL MOLINO

(Lisa)

What do *los hepcats de Tejas* listen to over a *lota of llesca* and a bottle of *cervesa*? Willie y Waylon? Ay, *caramba*, no! That stuff was over



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AMP 20

on disc

years ago. The move now is towards blues, as performed by Austin's legendary but unrecorded Thunderbirds, and the *conjunto* sound of San Antonio's fabled West Side. Now, one thing that gives a *gringo* like me pause is my complete inability to appreciate *conjunto* all the way because I don't understand the lingo of El West Side, and that's why I was so happy to hear that El Molino, headed by the irrepressible Joe "King" Carrasco, had finally recorded: they're a hip, young, Tex-Mex *conjunto* band (the phrase is redundant: *conjunto* means band) that has its music in Mex and its lyrics in Tex.

Horribly recorded, in true Tex-Mex fashion, this album nonetheless has more kick per groove than 90 percent of the stuff that's come out this year, whether it be straight-ahead rock and roll ("Just a Mile Away," with the Sir Douglas Quintet's Augie Meyers on blazing piano); blues ("Every Woman Crazy About an Automobile"); or their own unique Tex-Mex sound ("Mezcal Road," "Rock Esta Noche" or "Jalapeno con Big Red"). Joe's crazy singing and some amazing sax by West Side legend Eracleo "Rocky" Morales are just the frosting on a very tasty, and melodic, cake. *Con jalapeno*, of course.

Ed Ward

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

Babylon by Bus (Island)

PETER TOSH

Bush Doctor (Rolling Stones)

Marley and company have been coming under fire recently from "roots" reggae fans for abandoning the illusion-burning rebel music of yore for straightforward love songs that can appeal to the crossover market. The key element to these ears, however, isn't the lyrical themes but whether Marley infuses his singing with genuine intensity (the strong *Exodus* LP) or sounds detached from the material (the bland *Kaya*).

Babylon by Bus, a two-disc live set covering most phases of the Wailers' career, falls somewhere between these poles. It's a solid, workmanlike effort and the Barrett brothers remain the best reggae rhythm section extant. But for truly transcendent—and that's the proper phrase—live Wailers, check out the earlier, single LP.

Many people figured original Wailer Peter Tosh would be the one to make a truly radical statement through reggae—apparently the Jamaican cops who busted his head open recently still think so—but his LPs have never delivered the goods. Mick Jagger's presence on "Don't Look Back" may make Tosh the designated chic wildman of the Gucci set but *Bush Doctor* is his worst album to date. The lyrics read well, but lame melodies and uninspired performances make one wonder about the effects of extensive ganja smoking on musical creativity.

Don Snowden

STEVE MARTIN

A Wild & Crazy Guy (Warner Bros.)

I hate Steve Martin. He's the sort of sniveling bimbo who sticks a lamp shade on his head at a party and thinks it's funny. Only problem is, everyone else does too. Now, I realize these statements may not accurately reflect the common consensus, but I would rather watch the combined episodes of *Get Smart* than put up with ten minutes of an album by this mondo-retardo self-propelled

ventriloquist's dummy. So there. And if this review has ruined your breakfast, well, EXCUUUUUUSE ME!!

Chris Clark

BARRY MILES

Fusion Is (Gryphon)

Fusion Is features the regular quartet of keyboardist Barry Miles, a solid unit that has worked together for several years. The six selections were all composed by band members. Although there are several fine improvisations, the main strength of this album is the tightness of the group and the musical communication between its members.

Miles, originally a precocious drummer who jammed with many jazz greats before he was ten, switched to keyboards in his teens. Now, at 31, he has developed a personal sound on the synthesizer while his work on the acoustic piano reflects the influences of McCoy Tyner and Bill Evans. The other main soloist, guitarist Vic Juris, has numerous speedy flights while bassist Jon Burr displays a good deal of versatility.

But it is the total group effort on these pleasant modern jazz melodies that is remembered. Nothing startling occurs and it is not really a "fusion" date, but is instead a fine showcase for the Miles quartet.

Scott Yanow

QUEEN

Jazz (Elektra)

So now they're on the radio and the walls of fourteen-year-old nymphets across the world. Too bad. Before "Bohemian Rhapsody," Queen was a creditable bunch of castrated rockers who could actually sing, but now the chipmunk yodeling sounds amazingly affected amidst the tinkertoy ragtime clutter and classical plagiarism. Pomp without circumstance, and even the Brian May guitar-grind has been reduced to wet sandpaper. Freddie Mercury still sings with all the authority of Jerry Lewis in a tutu (or is that Toto?) and drummer Roger Taylor continues to cover the latest rock fads (last year it was the Ramones, this time he clones "Fun It" from the Cars), but not even the Sweet would stoop as low as "Bicycle Race" to get on the charts. And "Fat-Bottomed Girls" do not make the "rockin' world go 'round," they just eat more lettuce. So it goes. We will we will schlock you . . . thomp thomp clunk.

Chris Clark

TODD RUNDGREN

Back to the Bars (Bearsville)

This double live album is a Todd Rundgren, er, retrospective. The trouble with it is not that Rundgren's material is half-witted. As shown by an occasional schlocker like "Hello It's Me," half-wittedness can be charming and even an asset, if it's really all you've got. The desperately aggravating thing here is repetition: even when Rundgren's musical ideas are interesting, they have usually lost most of their momentum by the eightieth time around. "Black Maria" manages to be a little captivating despite being dragged out like the rest of them, but on the whole this is a pretty dismal spectacle.

Scott Mitchell

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Quartet No. 15 in G: The Guarneri Quartet (RCA)

If one needed proof of the virtually unanimous ranking of the Guarneri as the premier string quartet in the world today, it would be here. (There are musicians who insist this is the greatest of all string quartets, Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart notwithstanding.)

It is hard to recall a recording that so riveted the listener's attention.

Ed Cray

RALPH SHAPEY

String Quartet #VII: Quartet of the Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago (CRI)

Shapey is either a madman or a genius, perhaps both. How else explain the juxtaposition of freeform fantasies with a rigid passacaglia in the same string quartet? How else explain the hyperkinetic frolic of the first movement and the gravity of the third?

Whichever, however it might be, this University of Chicago professor of music is a singular voice, a man not easily assigned to any of the currently fashionable factions of contemporary music. It is a bit silly to say of a man of such rank and years (57) that he is a "comer," but if this recording is a fair sample of his output, he deserves a far wider audience than he has received.

Ed Cray

CAT STEVENS

Back to Earth (A&M)

If you don't have a Stevens album in the old stack, and were thinking of adding one to the collection for those quiet evenings by the fireplace, then consider *Teaser and the Firecat* or *Tea for the Tillerman*. Either of them will give you traditional Cat at his best.

On the other hand, if you are a devoted Cat-lover and already have one or both of the two aforementioned discs, then, yes, this album is worth the dough, and even one of your best marbles.

There isn't much that can be labelled "new" on the disc, for Stevens is his same old self, playing the same sort of guitar and piano. He does dabble in jazz a bit, and is all the better for it. But the Cat is up to number 12 now, and he may feel as though he is running out of words to say and chords to play. It hasn't happened yet. He is still cranking out fresh music.

Amy Fischer

RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON

First Light (Chrysalis)

Eclecticism is the keynote of this moody, somber-toned offering from seminal British folkies and avowed Moslems, Richard and Linda Thompson. While the musical balance of *First Light* consists of a rather disarming folk/rock blend, as evidenced on numbers such as "Restless Highway" and "Sweet Surrender," its real strength lies in the use of soaring traditional English harmonies and ballad structures, on sterling and stirring selections like "The Choice Wife," "Died for Love," "Strange Affair," and "House of Cards," all Richard Thompson originals. Throughout, Linda Thompson's crystalline pure vocals and thoughtful delivery recall the best moments of Ian and Sylvia, Richard and Mimi Farina and, in one marvelous interlude titled "Pavanne," vintage Judy Collins. The tune sounds precisely like a discarded track from Collins' groundbreaking mid-Sixties *In My Life*, while the rousing chorus on "House of Cards" and the title track are reminiscent of the heyday of Fairport Convention, a group the duo cut their musical teeth on and, in Richard's case, in. Throughout this subtle, convoluted album a wide stylistic reach forms a cohesive base which makes it one of the stronger efforts heard from this genre in some time. Assistance from Julie Covington, Andy Fairweather-Low, Ian Matthews, and the ethereal Maddy Prior add to the charm of this understated minor masterpiece.

Davin Sasy

IN BOTH EARS

More On Little Big Sound

Last month I examined the pros and cons of buying a compact hi-fi system as against mixing-and-matching your own components. Had I been asked to discuss compacts just a couple of years ago, I would have turned down the assignment, since so-called hi-fi compacts of the late Sixties and early Seventies were little more than low-fi table radios with record changers perched on top. These days, compacts have come of age and you can get pretty good sound out of them. Unfortunately, that's not true of all the compacts around. There's still a lot of junk out there and the odds of ending up with a poor sounding system are greater when you turn to compacts than they would be if you chose hi-fi components. So, how do you know what's good? You read on, that's how. . . .

Many of the same manufacturers who produce separate components also make compact systems. Some of these are Aiwa, "Centrex" (by Pioneer), Fisher, Hitachi, Optonica, Panasonic, Sanyo, Sharp and Superscope (who also make Marantz components). While it would be impossible for us to list and describe all of the models made by these and other reputable manufacturers in this brief overview, we have selected a few systems for a more complete description. Note that in some instances, speaker systems are not offered as part of the compact system, but can be selected by the purchaser in much the same way as they would be if separate components were being bought.

Aiwa's Model AF-5080A, with a suggested retail price of \$570.00, combines a belt-driven, single-play semi-automatic turntable (equipped with a Shure M-91ED cartridge) with a Dolby-equipped cassette recorder/player and an AM/FM stereo receiver. The amplifier section is rated at 22 watts per channel, continuous power, from 40 Hz to 20,000 Hz, into 8-ohm speaker loads, with no more than 1 percent total harmonic distortion.

Fisher Corporation's ICS-430, with a suggested retail price of \$400.00, includes that company's MC-4030 stereo receiver with a built-in front-loading cassette deck including Dolby noise reduction. A Model 225XA record changer equipped with a magnetic cartridge is included but is mounted in its own separate base, and a pair of Fisher MS-115A wide range speakers having relatively high efficiency are included.

The Centrex (by Pioneer) KH-767 combines an AM/FM stereo receiver, cassette recorder/player, and a three-way speaker system. Receiver power is 12 watts per channel continuous into 8-ohm speaker loads, from 40 Hz to 30,000 Hz at 0.8 percent maximum total harmonic distortion. Ten-inch woofers are the bass-reproducing elements of the three-way speakers which are supplied in walnut-finish cabinets. This model carries a suggested price of \$370, but for another \$80.00 you can purchase their KH-7766, which includes a three-speed changer equipped with a magnetic cartridge.

Hitachi's SDP/9600 compact music system combines a record/play stereo cassette deck, AM/FM stereo receiver, BSR record changer with an ADC magnetic cartridge

and two three-way speaker systems (8-inch woofer, 8-inch passive radiator for increased efficiency, and 3-inch tweeter). The tape section has two VU meters, five function-indicator lights, a pause control, and a three-digit tape counter, among its many other features. All of this for a suggested price of \$300.00.

Optonica's SG-400, at a suggested cost of \$500.00, incorporates a 4-band receiver of 15-watt per channel power rating (4-ohms, from 60 Hz to 20,000 Hz with no more than 1.0 percent harmonic distortion), a semi-automatic belt-driven turntable and a record/play cassette deck with Dolby noise reduction system. The two-speed turntable boasts a wow-and-flutter spec of 0.08 percent while that same specification for the cassette section is 0.08 percent. Speakers are not included in this model.

Panasonic's Model SE-5508 features an AM/FM stereo radio with a stereo cassette recorder/player, a three-speed automatic record changer, and two panasonic Thrusters multi-driver speakers. Power output of the receiver is quoted at 10 watts per channel continuous, from 70 Hz to 20,000 Hz, 8-ohm loads, with distortion rated at 2.0 percent. This combination carries a suggested retail price of around \$430.00.

Sanyo's top-of-the-line compact system is their model GXT5000, with a suggested price of \$650.00. It consists of a four-band receiver, a stereo cassette deck with Dolby included, a turntable fitted with a magnetic cartridge and a pair of their SX830 acoustic suspension speakers. Power output is relatively high for a compact, at 25 watts per channel continuous, 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz, and 1.0 percent harmonic distortion.

In addition to the manufacturers normally associated with separate components who also now make compacts, there are a few "mass consumer product" makers who also do a competent job in this area. Included are such well known names as Magnavox and Zenith. Some major department store outlets, such as J.C. Penney, Sears and Montgomery Ward, sell compacts under their own brand names, but in nearly all instances, the units are actually manufactured by some of the various name-brand makers we have already named. For example, much of Sears' compact merchandise is actually designed and built by Fisher Corporation.

Some of the prices we have cited for the better compacts suggest that the serious audiophile on a limited budget might do just as well assembling his or her own component system from separates, but that's not always true. Remember, each of the compacts includes some form of tape deck, whose minimum value (if purchased separately) would run well over \$100.00. Ten to fifteen watt receivers these days are selling at around the \$150.00 to \$200.00 mark. Add in the speakers and even a minimal quality turntable and magnetic cartridge and you quickly see that, in most instances you are ahead (financially at least) with a good compact system. But the emphasis here remains on the word *good*. An inferior compact system, in the \$150.00 to \$250.00 list price class, can't possibly match even the most inexpensive component system assembled for about \$300.00 to \$400.00. And, of course, with any compact system you are relying upon the manufacturer's ability to do a better job of matching the components than you can. Most audiophiles would never acknowledge a manufacturer's talents in this area, but there seems to be enough of us who don't want to get involved in all those decisions to justify the growing number of available compacts that are sold annually.

Len Feldman

AMPERCHART

ROCK

1. 52nd Street
Billy Joel/Columbia
2. A Wild and Crazy Guy
Steve Martin/Warner Bros.
3. Greatest Hits, Vol. II
Barbra Streisand/Columbia
4. Briefcase Full of Blues
The Blues Brothers/Atlantic
5. The Best of Earth, Wind & Fire
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
6. Jazz
Queen/Elektra
7. Backless
Eric Clapton/RSO
8. Double Vision
Foreigner/Atlantic
9. Blondes Have More Fun
Rod Stewart/Warner Bros.
10. Greatest Hits
Barry Manilow/Arista
11. Toto
Toto/Columbia
12. Living in the U.S.A.
Linda Ronstadt/Asylum
13. You Don't Bring Me Flowers
Neil Diamond/Columbia
14. Pieces of Eight
Styx/A&M
15. Some Girls
Rolling Stones/Rolling Stones
16. Live Booty
Aerosmith/Columbia
17. Grease
Soundtrack/RSO
18. Greatest Hits
Steve Miller Band/Capitol
19. Dog and Butterfly
Heart/Portrait
20. Minute by Minute
Doobie Brothers/Warner Bros.
21. Wings Greatest
Paul McCartney & Wings/Capitol
22. Greatest Hits
Steely Dan/ABC
23. Greatest Hits
Commodores/Motown
24. Totally Hot
Olivia Newton-John/MCA
25. Stranger in Town
Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band/
Capitol

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

Dire Straits
Dire Straits/Warner Bros.
Live Spirit
Spirit/Potato
Every 1's a Winner
Hot Chocolate/Infinity
Head First
The Babys/Chrysalis

SOUL

1. C'est Chic
Chic/Atlantic
2. The Best of Earth, Wind & Fire, Vol. II
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
3. Motor Booty Affair
Parliament/Casablanca
4. Chaka
Chaka Khan/Warner Bros.
5. The Man
Barry White/20th Century
6. Cheryl Lynn
Cheryl Lynn/Columbia
7. Live and More
Donna Summer/Casablanca
8. Bobby Caldwell
Bobby Caldwell/Clouds
9. Is It Still Good To Ya
Ashford & Simpson/Warner Bros.
10. Wanted
Richard Pryor/Warner Bros.
11. Crosswinds
Peabo Bryson/Capitol
12. Get Down
Gene Chandler/20th Century

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

Grey and Hanks
Grey and Hanks/RCA
Kingsman Dazz
Kingsman Dazz/20th Century
Here My Dear
Marvin Gaye/Tamla

JAZZ

1. Touchdown
Bob James/Columbia
2. Reed Seed
Grover Washington, Jr./Motown
3. Children of Sanchez
Chuck Mangione/A&M
4. Flame
Ronnie Laws/United Artists
5. Mr. Gone
Weather Report/Columbia
6. All Fly Home
Al Jarreau/Warner Bros.
7. Secret Agent
Chick Corea/Polydor
8. Intimate Strangers
Tom Scott/Columbia
9. Secrets
Gil Scott-Heron & Brian Jackson/Arista
10. Pat Metheny
Pat Metheny/ECM
11. We All Have a Star
Wilton Felder/ABC
12. Cosmic Messenger
Jean Luc Ponty/Atlantic
13. Step into Our Life
Roy Ayers & Wayne Henderson/Polydor
14. Patrice
Patrice Rushen/Elektra
15. Images
Crusaders/Blue Thumb
16. Feels So Good
Chuck Mangione/A&M
17. Return to Forever Live
Return to Forever/Columbia
18. Thank You for ... F.U.M.L.
Donald Byrd/Elektra
19. Cry
John Klemmer/ABC
20. In Concert
Milestone Jazzstars/Milestone

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

Weavings
Charles Lloyd/Pacific Arts
Other People's Rooms
Mark Almond/Horizon
Crosscurrents
Bill Evans Trio/Fantasy
Alberta Hunter
The Thirties/Slash

COUNTRY

1. Willie and Family
Willie Nelson/Columbia
2. The Gambler
Kenny Rogers/United Artists
3. I've Always Been Crazy
Waylon Jennings/RCA
4. Let's Keep It That Way
Anne Murray/Capitol
5. TNT
Tanya Tucker/MCA
6. Stardust
Willie Nelson/Columbia
7. When I Dream
Crystal Gayle/United Artists
8. Profile/Best of Emmylou Harris
Emmylou Harris/Warner Bros.
9. Greatest Hits, Vol. I
Larry Gatlin/Monument
10. Heartbreaker
Dolly Parton/RCA
11. Elvis—Legendary Performer, Vol. I
Elvis Presley/RCA
12. Totally Hot
Olivia Newton-John/MCA
13. Moods
Barbara Mandrell/ABC
14. Burgers and Fries/
When I Stop Leaving (I'll Be Gone)
Charley Pride/RCA
15. Living in the U.S.A.
Linda Ronstadt/Asylum

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

Human Emotions
David Allan Coe/Columbia
Every Which Way But Loose
Soundtrack/Elektra
Jerry Lee Lewis and Friends—Duets
Jerry Lee Lewis/Sun

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Name _____

Address _____

University or College _____ (7-9)

Male _____ Female _____ Age _____ (13-14)

Year in School:

Freshman _____ Sophomore _____

Junior _____ Senior _____ (15)

While attending school, what are your living arrangements?

Dorm _____ Apartment _____ House

rental _____ House owner _____

At home with parents or family _____

Other _____ (16)

Please list in order of preference the radio stations you listen to most often during the school year?

1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____ 4. None, don't listen regularly. (17-22)

During an average weekday (Mon.-Fri.) for how many hours do you listen to radio?

None _____ Less than 1 _____ 1 _____

1 1/2-2 _____ 2 1/2-3 _____ 3 1/2-4 _____

More than 4 _____ (23)

Which of the following most clearly describes the kind of music you listen to most often?

Progressive/hard rock _____ Top

40 _____ Mellow rock _____ Beautiful

music _____ Disco _____ Country _____

Classical _____ Jazz _____ Other _____

(24-25)

Do you currently own a car stereo unit?

Yes _____ No _____ (26)

If yes, is it:

AM/FM radio only _____

Cassette tape player _____

Radio and cassette _____

8-Track tape player _____

Radio and 8-Track _____ (27)

What brand is your car stereo? _____ (28)

If you do not own a car stereo, are you considering purchasing one within the next 12 months? Yes _____ No _____ (29)

Do you own a home stereo or Hi-Fi system? Yes _____ No _____ (30)

If yes, is it:

Separate component system _____

Compact unit _____

Other _____ (31)

Are you considering upgrading your stereo system within the next 12 months? Yes _____ No _____ (32)

Approximately how many of each of the following have you purchased in the past 90 days?

Record albums _____

Pre-recorded 8-Track tapes _____

Pre-recorded cassette tapes _____ (33-35)

Is there a particular music/record store where you usually purchase albums or tapes? Yes _____ No _____

If yes, which one: _____ (36)

How many movies have you seen within the past three months? _____ (37)

During the average weekday (Mon.-Fri.) how many hours do you spend watching television?

None _____ Less than 1 _____ 1 _____

1 1/2-2 _____ 2 1/2-3 _____ 3 1/2-4 _____

More than 4 _____ (38)

ON TOUR



Linda Ronstadt, Livingston Taylor Civic Center, Tucson, Arizona

Livingston Taylor was bland and brief. At times sounding like James, he wandered through several songs before his AM hit, "I will Be in Love with You," and then trailed off through several more sagging country and hard-rock tunes.

It was early still when hometown girl Linda Ronstadt delivered the Litte Feat song, "All That You Dream" to a sold-out (11,000 plus) Tucson audience. Following with "Blue Bayou," which was strained at first but swelled when she switched to the Spanish lyrics, she promised an energetic and special performance for her hometown. Another broken promise...

Ronstadt did some exciting numbers: "Willin'," which mentions Tucson, and "It's So Easy" got enthusiastic response. "That'll Be the Day" almost had all the oldsters rocking, and "Tumbling Dice" came close; still, Linda didn't connect with her rock and roll, but with, as ever, the torch songs. "Someone to Lay Down Beside Me" and "Allison" were two of her best. Her voice, which tended to fade wispily, was strong and clean during "Desperado."

In her only talk with the audience, Ronstadt joked about the embarrassment of having to perform for her parents and their friends; this, as well as a tired voice and her near absolute refusal to do any country songs, hurt her performance.

With the help of saxophonist David Sandborn, Ronstadt, who wore a blue silk

dress slit to the thigh, was sad and sexy as she slid through her version of the old Motown song, "Ooh, Baby Baby." The band was controlled and competent, with particularly good guitar work by Waddy Wachtel and Dan Dugmore during "You're No Good."

Ronstadt ended her second encore with a jumping "Living in the U.S.A.," which was the liveliest, rowdiest song of the evening. And then she was gone, after only 70 minutes. A lot of the audience seemed satisfied, but many of us didn't quite get what we had expected from the prodigal daughter.

David Hancock

Philip Glass, Roxy, Los Angeles, CA

A year ago, composer Philip Glass had a hard time filling 500 seats at U.C.L.A. This year, in a bold attempt to expand his audience, he booked four shows at 450-seat L.A. rock showcase, the Roxy, and played to enthusiastic crowds both nights.

A frontrunner in the school of modern "serious" composers that includes Steve Reich and Terry Riley, Glass' innovations in repetition and the layering of static tones were long dismissed by both classical and pop worlds as obscurely avant-garde. But, if the response at the Roxy is any indication, audiences are finally catching up with him.

With a refreshing lack of fanfare, the unassuming Glass and his ensemble of six (who played reed and woodwind instruments, voices and synthesizers) appeared onstage and abruptly plunged into the first of four selections from Glass' score for Robert Wil-

son's progressive opera, *Einstein on the Beach*.

Zooming along in a finely pitched hum akin to the flutter of hummingbird wings, Glass' compositions are more like weather than music. The pulsating monotone of his pieces effects subtle shifts in mood and environment, and—depending on what the listener brings to it—can be either meditative or wearing.

Structurally, Glass' music is striking primarily for what it does *not* contain. There are "parts" to his "tunes," but he constructs such a tightly woven cloth that it's difficult to dissect his pieces. Melody and harmony, as we traditionally know them, are absent. One has the sense of being in the middle of something that's moving, yet there's no discernible linear direction. Rather than progressing from beginning to end, his pieces tend to expand and contract.

Written description leads one to expect Glass' music to be dry, cerebral and academic, which it is not. Although the mood it evokes does have a certain solemnity, at the same time there's an undercurrent of light-hearted exuberance that makes hearing it an energizing, giddy experience, comparable to being pelted with feathers.

For ears ravaged by rock on an average of four nights a week, Glass' music was clear water, and, like a silent dog whistle, it makes us cock our heads and listen for more.

Kristine McKenna

Jerry Rubin, Central Michigan University, Mt. Pleasant, MI

As the anemic Seventies creep to an end, there seems to be a growing envy among the young for the up-against-the-wall radicalism of a decade ago, with the aging militants of the Sixties regarded as something between nostalgia figures and folk heroes. While others have downplayed their radical aura, former Yippie and Chicago hell-raiser Jerry Rubin is fast becoming the elder statesman of wild-eyed revolutionaries.

Of course, Rubin is no longer the crazed radical who once struck fear into the hearts of paranoid conservatives. He is now a polite, clean-cut author and lecturer who speaks on—what else?—political activism.

For most of his talk, Rubin traces his career as a rabble-rouser: from demonstrating in Berkeley to the "guerilla theater" with Abbie Hoffman, from pissing on the Pentagon to rioting in Chicago and more. Although the adventures of Jerry the Radical are interesting and well told (and certainly what we political vegetables paid to hear about), they offer little more than militant nostalgia. As for life today, Rubin is mercifully brief.

"Not only am I an authority on the Seventies," he modestly states, "I am a *creator* of the Seventies." Apparently Rubin enjoys his "creation"—he is now into est, yoga and other self-indulgent fads of the "me decade."

While most of the audience was respectful, Rubin was obviously upset when a handful of hecklers attacked him for "grabbing the glory and cashing in on a leaderless revolution."

"I am being treated as an image," Rubin replies, "not as a person. It's as if people don't expect me to grow as an individual." Perhaps, but it is hard to work up much sympathy when Rubin himself, with his books and lectures, both perpetuates and exploits the image he complains about.

In all, Rubin's speech was vaguely disturbing, but not because he's sold out. Who hasn't? Most disturbing is that at age 40 (don't trust anyone over 50?) all he has left to offer is a radical stroll down memory lane. He may still be interesting, but the Jerry Rubin of today seems sadly irrelevant.

Brad Flory

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